Save your Home. Sign our Insurance Coupon on page iii of Cover

JOHN BULL

Vol. XIX. No. 521. SATURDAY, MAY 27. 1916. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A 423147

For meaning of this number see page 23.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to herself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

IL CAPITANO.

When our good King Emmanuel III. signed the decree calling the '90 class, our brave *soldati* returned from all parts of the world. They brought me back many souvenirs from their adopted countries, but the gift I treasure most is a packet of English Cigarettes called Cavander's "Army Club" Cigarettes. I was told that English smokers liked them better than any. *Hanno ragione perché sono eccelenti.* (They are right, because the Cigarettes are excellent.)

CAVANDER'S

"ARMY CLUB"

CIGARETTES

20 for 9d.

50 for 1/10½.

On sale at A. Baker and Co's, Bewley's, Finlay's and Selfridge's Stores, and all other high-class Tobacconists.

Cavander's, 261, High Street, Glasgow.

OUR SPECIAL BIRTHDAY NUMBER, JUNE 10th.

OLD CALABAR

'PET DOG & PUPPY' BISCUITS
ARE THE BEST.
Sample and Booklet free from
The Old Calabar Biscuit Co., Liverpool, Eng.

The Picture of Health

HER MOTHER SAYS:—

"I thought you might like to see my little girl's photo. She is just three years old. Since she was a baby of four months I have given her Steedman's Powders; and I always found them not only cooling, but cleansing and refreshing. I used to give them on the same day each week, and if I happened to miss, she was cross and fretful. She cut all her teeth without my knowing, thanks to those priceless powders."

Hall's Distemper is the greatest protection the householder can have from unclean and infectious walls, because when first applied it is a thorough disinfectant and germ destroyer.

It is also the most pleasing of wall-coverings, quick, clean and inexpensive to apply, and quite free from the objectionable smell of paint.

If you strip your walls of the layers of wallpaper and decorate with Hall's Distemper, your rooms will have a purer atmosphere, and you will gain the refreshing effect of a change to a new home.

The Hall's Distemper Booklet full of useful hints on Decorating and colour choosing, post free from the Sole Manufacturers:—

SISSONS BROTHERS & CO., Ltd., HULL.

London Office—199B, Borough High Street, S.E. Reading: 6, Gun St.
Liverpool: 21, Cheapside. Glasgow: 105 & 113, Bath St.

A BICYCLE CASH DOWN 8/6
WHITELEY'S "All British" "Standard" Model

Built for hard wear. Splendid finish and High-grade quality. Dunlop Co.'s Warwick Tyres. Immediate deliveries from stock—all sizes.

Gent's, £6 7 6 or 15 payments of 8/6 | **Lady's, £6 15 6** or 15 payments of 9/1

Cycle Delivered After First Payment.

We have completely sold out our "Record" Model (Gent's 95/-, Lady's 99/6). We are, however, booking orders forward. Order now and secure early delivery. Carriage Paid to Your Door.

The Biggest Stock in Great Britain. RALEIGHS, HUMBERS, JAMES, ROVERS, or any other Standard Make supplied.

Illustrated Lists Post Free.

WM. WHITELEY LTD. QUEEN'S ROAD, LONDON, W.

Please mention "John Bull."

Gibbs's Dentifrice

Keeps Teeth Pearly

If you would preserve the natural whiteness of the teeth, use Gibbs's Dentifrice regularly. In addition this solid dentifrice will make the breath beautifully fragrant and disinfect the mouth thoroughly.

"Like a Breeze in the Mouth."

6d. of all Chemists.

GENEROUS TRIAL SAMPLES of Dentifrice, Cold Cream Soap, and Shaving Soap sent on receipt of 2d. in stamps.

D. & W. GIBBS, Ltd. (Dept. 13 C), Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E. *Established 1712.*

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.—We guarantee the goods sold by every advertiser in "John Bull." If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with a purchase through any trade advertisement in the columns of this issue, we will refund the money.

KILL THAT INSECT, TOMMY.

Send your pals "out yonder" some tins of

HARRISON'S NURSERY POMADE

—they'll be very acceptable. When you haven't time to wash there's a big chance you'll have "companions." A little HARRISON'S POMADE KILLS EVERY INSECT on hair and body. Insist on having HARRISON'S POMADE. "Tins of comfort," at 4½d. and 9d. Sold by all Chemists—or by post from HARRISON, Chemist, Reading.

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for Patterns of Overcoats, Suits, Costumes, Paletots, or Raincoats; or Catalogue of Ladies' & Children's Wear, Furs, Sewing Machines, Footwear, Watches, Jewellery, Gramophones and Records, Sheffield Cutlery and Tools, Prams, Lino, Silver Novelties, etc. J. G. Graves Ltd., Sheffield.

FOR EVERYTHING ON EASY TERMS

BEACON OILSKINS

Keep you dry always. Men's 2/6, Children's 7/6, Sou'-westers, 1/6, Long Leggings, 2/9. Guaranteed against stickiness, leakage or dissatisfaction on money-back methods. Illustrated List Post Free. Send Post-card now for this Art Booklet of "Weather Comfort," to BARBOUR'S, Ltd., 67, Beacon Buildings, South Shields.

JOHN BULL

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XIX. No. 521. Week ending Saturday, May 27th, 1916. One Penny

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

"Some" Book.

Now in the press—"Horatio Bottomley: The Man as He is To-day," by Raymond Blathwayt. Popular price, one shilling. Order early—to avoid the crush.

"Blowing the Gaff."

Without entering into the merits of Mr. Pemberton-Billing's attitude towards the Air Inquiry Committee, or of his Parliamentary tactics, we are bound to take note of the trap which the Commons let itself into when it resorted to the more or less effete device of claiming "a count" against the member for East Herts. Already, by adopting similar tactics, he has shown the public what a farce these "debates" are—there being only eleven members present during an important stage of the Budget proceedings! *What* a game it is!

A Slip.

It is always dangerous for a Minister of the Crown to travel beyond the legitimate domain of his office; and when a Chancellor of the Exchequer soars into the realms of morals he is apt to come a nasty fall. For instance, did Mr. McKenna realise what an insult he was offering some of our Allies, and most of the neutral States, when he described Premium Bonds as "immoral"?

A "General's" Sons.

Will "General" Booth, of the Salvation Army, kindly enlighten us as to the present whereabouts and occupations of his sons? And, at the same time, he might say a word about those bogus photographs in the *War Cry*.

At Last!

So the firm which manufactures Sanatogen is at last to be wound up under the Trading with the Enemy Act. Now, if you want a nerve strengthening food, you must buy it from an English firm. What an indignity!

Clear Them All Out.

All those German barbers, too, must be cleared out. To force an Englishman to join the Army and leave an alien enemy to steal his business is more than a piece of Governmental folly—it is a blazing scandal.

More Light.

Now that we are to have an extra hour a day, cannot some enterprising M.P. bring in a Bill to add one day to the week—and thus enable *us* to cope with our work?

Our Birthday Number.

Don't forget—week ending June 10th. Messages of congratulation from all kinds of unsuspected friends and well wishers are already pouring in.

"A Ghastly Failure."

At least one Glasgow parson—the Rev. W. Henderson Begg—has no doubt of the effect of the Drink Regulations of the Uncontrolled Board. He stigmatises them as a ghastly failure. "They have driven drinking underground and into the homes instead of public-houses." Which is so.

Never Again!

We venture to hope that the German Missionaries in India who, after a good deal of agitation, have been interned or repatriated, will in no circumstances be permitted to return. Soldier or priest, the Hun is a Hun, and when the war is over every effort must be directed to the complete eradication of German influence in India, no less than in other parts of the British Empire.

A Good Riddance.

We are glad to note that the numerous Sinn Feiners who are in the Civil Service in Ireland are to be removed from their well-paid soft jobs. For the presence of those dangerous characters in Government employment we have to thank Lord and Lady Aberdeen. Indeed, the combination of Aberdeen and Birrell was from the start a heart-rending fiasco.

Archdeacon Wilberforce.

By the death of Dr. Wilberforce, the House of Commons loses a picturesque Chaplain, the Church a brilliant and eloquent minister, and the country a high-minded and revered citizen. From our entrance into Parliament we always entertained the sincerest respect for this distinguished cleric; and that such regard was to some extent mutual is evidenced by the following letter—one of several received by us since leaving the House:—"I am writing from a sick bed, and have been reading your wonderful article—'Wanted a New Religion.' It has done me more good than all the doctors' medicines."

Another War Economy.

By the way, apropos of the late Archdeacon, may we again impress upon the Prime Minister the suggestion we once made in the House, that the Commons should dispense with a paid Chaplain? If their deliberations *must* commence with prayer, surely some simple form could be agreed upon, which could be read by voluntary clergy, without distinction of creed—or, better still, by Mr. Speaker himself.

A Disclaimer.

From the Police Court reports in the *Lancaster Observer and Morecambe Chronicle* we gather that Horatio Bottomley and Horatio Astbury were recently fined for "failing to obscure their light." We need scarcely say that such an offence is never likely to be committed by ourselves—whatever our learned brother Astbury may do.

The Coming "Push."

Don't be very surprised if it starts in the East.

Don t delay, sign to-day, Free Insurance Coupon, page iii of cover.

"Milk-O! Eightpence a Quart!"

There is some reason to believe that the conspirators of the milk ramp are contemplating putting up the price to sevenpence or eightpence a quart in the winter. They are at present busy inventing reasons for use when wanted. Milk is already a monstrous imposition at 6d. a quart. The consumer grumbles and pays; if for a while he cut down his milk bill by half he would probably grumble less and pay less as well.

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Insanitary.

The National Health Insurance Offices in Delaware Road, Paddington, where a number of female clerks are employed, ought to have some relation to health. They have not. On the contrary, they are insanitary, and it is news to us that even a Government office is excused the obligation of conforming to the law. The Joint Committee is hereby informed, if they do not know, that though complaints have been made by the women of the unhealthy conditions in which they have to work, the Sanitary Inspector of the district has been refused leave to inspect, on the ground that the premises are a Government building. The Joint Committee had better investigate, unless they wish us to say something nasty.

Off Colour.

"British Dyes for British Dyers" was a battle-cry recently. One result was the creation of British Dyes, Limited, a concern to be patronised by patriots so that the foreign monopoly might be wiped out for ever and aye. But already the wheels are getting clogged and the machine refuses to work. A dyer, filling a Government contract, wrote in for some 300 lbs. of khaki colour, and is faced with a refusal to accept the order. "We are obliged," says British Dyes, Ltd., "to consider the requirements of shareholders before considering those who are not." And now that dyer, whose order is not even "considered" by a British firm, supposes the finger of scorn will be pointed at him should he buy from Swiss people prepared to help him in his hour of need.

We Blush.

From an officer's letter written from the Western front:—"A fellow here gave me JOHN BULL to look at yesterday, and I read Bottomley's article. He has one in every week. I think he is an extraordinarily able man, having the courage of his convictions, afraid of no one, and I think *just* the man, without the least doubt, to be at the head of the Government—*his* Government for the duration of war! A number of us were having a little discussion on things generally, and it was carried unanimously that he would see things through in the right way better than anyone else in the country. I do wish he could be set up, and the present foolish twenty-three pushed right out of it altogether. I should suggest the Thames, as being a conveniently near place to the 'House'!" Good boys!

Grievance of Boy Writers.

Boy Writers at Devonport in the naval store department of Devonport Dockyard have a grievance, and they wish us to elucidate it. Why, they ask, should girls—some of them no more than 18—be engaged on wages of 23s. a week after six months' service to do work which existing Boy Writers, now paid from 12s. a week, can or could do as well or better? We know not, but it may be either the official idea of war economy or indicate the desire of the authorities to be nice to young ladies.

A Fig for Fordham.

The West London Magistrate is not alone in his opinion that cinema entertainments are responsible for the recent increase in juvenile crime, but the fact that the Home Secretary agrees with him adds little weight to his judgment. There are limits to the efficacy of the rod in relation to juvenile derelictions, but upon the whole we are inclined to trace the war-time plague of naughty boys to nothing more romantic than the absence, on his Majesty's Service, of the arm that wields the strap.

A Hint to the War Office.

That is an admirable suggestion which Major Maclure, of the London Scottish, makes to enrol the married men in special local training corps, and let them live at home. Thus the Government will save a vast deal of billeting money, on the one hand, while the men themselves, in their time off, will be able to give an eye to their businesses, which in many cases they would be able in this way to save from disaster. The point is, can it be done? If it can, why should not the War Office do it?

A Fierce Fine.

Whether a boarding-house keeper who has "failed to fill up and supply the forms required by the Aliens' Registration Order" deserves heavy punishment, depends on a variety of circumstances. When the omission concerns a British subject and arises from the defendant's not unnatural belief that the Order applies only to "aliens," we are inclined to think that a fine of £10 is a bit too steep. But such was the decision of the Liverpool Stipendiary in a recent case, but our respect for that worthy Magistrate in no way alters our opinion.

Travellers' Tales.

A sailorman, travelling up from the Coast, conversed with four or five Danes on the journey. They had arrived, said one who could speak English, to take up work under contract on a farm in Berkshire, run by another Dane. Their wage was to be 25s. monthly. When Jack expressed surprise, the Danes admitted they could earn £3 10s. a month in their own land, but they came here—to see the country! They had plenty of money, watches, and gold chains, and lots of luggage. Of course, it may be all square, and they be agricultural labourers taking a joy trip on 25s. a month. And, on the other hand, they may not be.

Bang Goes—So Much.

We are informed by a merchant mariner that a waste of good ammunition is constantly occurring at Barbadoes, and, in all probability, at other ports. In this particular instance, the R.M.S.P. Co. are alleged to be the offenders. The vessels of this important line, prior to being armed with guns for defence against submarine attack, were accustomed on leaving to salute the port with three long blasts on their siren. Now that they are armed, however, they are said to have taken to firing two guns on their departure, which in our opinion is an absurd waste of ammunition. The Company should instruct their captains to reserve their fire for the enemy, and not "swank" with it in British ports.

A "Beautiful Children" Competition is being run in "Everywoman's."

"Milk-O! Eightpence a Quart!"

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The National Health Insurance Offices in Delaware Road, Paddington, where a number of female clerks are employed, ought to have some relation to health. They have not. On the contrary, they are insanitary, and it is news to us that even a Government office is excused the obligation of conforming to the law. The Joint Committee is hereby informed, if they do not know, that though complaints have been made by the women of the unhealthy conditions in which they have to work, the Sanitary Inspector of the district has been refused leave to inspect, on the ground that the premises are a Government building. The Joint Committee had better investigate, unless they wish us to say something nasty.

Off Colour.

"British Dyes for British Dyers" was a battle-cry recently. One result was the creation of British Dyes, Limited, a concern to be patronised by patriots so that the foreign monopoly might be wiped out for ever and aye. But already the wheels are getting clogged and the machine refuses to work. A dyer, filling a Government contract, wrote in for some 300 lbs. of khaki colour, and is faced with a refusal to accept the order. "We are obliged," says British Dyes, Ltd., "to consider the requirements of shareholders before considering those who are not." And now that dyer, whose order is not even "considered" by a British firm, supposes the finger of scorn will be pointed at him should he buy from Swiss people prepared to help him in his hour of need.

We Blush.

From an officer's letter written from the Western front:—"A fellow here gave me JOHN BULL to look at yesterday, and I read Bottomley's article. He has one in every week. I think he is an extraordinarily able man, having the courage of his convictions, afraid of no one, and I think *just* the man, without the least doubt, to be at the head of the Government—*his* Government for the duration of war! A number of us were having a little discussion on things generally, and it was carried unanimously that he would see things through in the right way better than anyone else in the country. I do wish he could be set up, and the present foolish twenty-three pushed right out of it altogether. I should suggest the Thames, as being a conveniently near place to the 'House'!" Good boys!

Grievance of Boy Writers.

Boy Writers at Devonport in the naval store department of Devonport Dockyard have a grievance, and they wish us to elucidate it. Why, they ask, should girls—some of them no more than 18—be engaged on wages of 23s. a week after six months' service to do work which existing Boy Writers, now paid from 12s. a week, can or could do as well or better? We know not, but it may be either the official idea of war economy or indicate the desire of the authorities to be nice to young ladies.

A Fig for Fordham.

The West London Magistrate is not alone in his opinion that cinema entertainments are responsible for the recent increase in juvenile crime, but the fact that the Home Secretary agrees with him adds little weight to his judgment. There are limits to the efficacy of the rod in relation to juvenile derelictions, but upon the whole we are inclined to trace the war-time plague of naughty boys to nothing more romantic than the absence, on his Majesty's Service, of the arm that wields the strap.

A Hint to the War Office.

That is an admirable suggestion which Major Maclure, of the London Scottish, makes to enrol the married men in special local training corps, and let them live at home. Thus the Government will save a vast deal of billeting money, on the one hand, while the men themselves, in their time off, will be able to give an eye to their businesses, which in many cases they would be able in this way to save from disaster. The point is, can it be done? If it can, why should not the War Office do it?

A Fierce Fine.

Whether a boarding-house keeper who has "failed to fill up and supply the forms required by the Aliens' Registration Order" deserves heavy punishment, depends on a variety of circumstances. When the omission concerns a British subject and arises from the defendant's not unnatural belief that the Order applies only to "aliens," we are inclined to think that a fine of £10 is a bit too steep. But such was the decision of the Liverpool Stipendiary in a recent case, but our respect for that worthy Magistrate in no way alters our opinion.

Travellers' Tales.

A sailorman, travelling up from the Coast, conversed with four or five Danes on the journey. They had arrived, said one who could speak English, to take up work under contract on a farm in Berkshire, run by another Dane. Their wage was to be 25s. monthly. When Jack expressed surprise, the Danes admitted they could earn £3 10s. a month in their own land, but they came here—to see the country! They had plenty of money, watches, and gold chains, and lots of luggage. Of course, it may be all square, and they be agricultural labourers taking a joy trip on 25s. a month. And, on the other hand, they may not be.

Bang Goes—So Much.

We are informed by a merchant mariner that a waste of good ammunition is constantly occurring at Barbadoes, and, in all probability, at other ports. In this particular instance, the R.M.S.P. Co. are alleged to be the offenders. The vessels of this important line, prior to being armed with guns for defence against submarine attack, were accustomed on leaving to salute the port with three long blasts on their siren. Now that they are armed, however, they are said to have taken to firing two guns on their departure, which in our opinion is an absurd waste of ammunition. The Company should instruct their captains to reserve their fire for the enemy, and not "swank" with it in British ports.

A "Beautiful Children" Competition is being run in "Everywoman's."

Imitation Officers.

The Recruiting Office might like to learn that if it is possible to dodge military obligations by joining a certain club and swaggering about dressed as officers, Sam Browne belts and trench coats included—if, we say, it is possible, it is being done by certain wealthy young gentlemen resident, some of them, in Hampstead. If it is not possible, it is at least being attempted.

Pounds for Prussians.

When a Scotsman is not cautious, he is apt to be a spendthrift. It happens, perhaps, once in a blue moon. But Stranraer Parish Council is continuing in a lavish mood—with the ratepayers' money, ye ken, not their ain siller—despite the protest of two members. They are paying to the wife and family of an interned German nearly £1 weekly, although the people are "in possession of property and in receipt of a weekly income from business." A native of Stranraer, destitute, might get three or four shillings from the Relieving Officer. German people of means have nearly a sovereign bestowed on them as a weekly gift.

The Markievicz Murderess.

There is an extremely strong feeling—particularly amongst the members of the Dublin Police, who bore themselves so bravely during the recent disturbances, when they were taken at great disadvantage by the rebels—that the clemency extended to Countess Markievicz—whom, in the circumstances, they made superhuman efforts to capture—was exceedingly ill-placed. This woman, who had been one of the ringleaders in the rebellion, approached a wounded police constable who lay prone upon the ground, and deliberately fired at him twice, blowing out his brains. It is widely believed that the only reason she has not been called upon to pay the extreme penalty for her cowardly murder is that she is closely connected in marriage with various people of good family. Now then, Mr. Asquith!

The Boches and "Bottomley's Book."

We have a fresh bone to pick with the Boches. They have inflicted their frightfulness upon a copy of the Editor's well-known volume of reminiscences. For which, and for their even worse crimes, may they be accursed! The volume in question was at the time in the possession of one of the gallant crew of H.M. Transport *Eagle Point*. On March 28th last, as will be remembered, that ship was torpedoed by the Huns and sunk, the officers and crew escaping in their boats only with their lives. Consequently, "Bottomley's Book" went down, and now lies fathoms deep beneath the waves, 130 miles west of the Bishops. We are consoled by the thought that Father Neptune and Davy Jones may be chuckling over it as we write. By the way, this book must not be confused with Mr. Raymond Blathwayt's forthcoming work, "Horatio Bottomley: The Man as He is To-day."

Police Zeal at Birkenhead.

From a letter which Private Byrne, of the B.E.F. in France, sends us, some of the Birkenhead police have made another clever capture. Byrne, junior, is aged 10, and the other day he was caught watching some bigger boys playing pitch and toss. The bigger boys ran away, leaving the ten-year-old an easy forfeit to the strong arm of the law. He was summoned to Court, but "dismissed through having good attendance at school." "I am serving my country abroad," says Private Byrne, "but I do not think such things are encouraging." Probably the explanation is that, with all the burglars vanished, the Birkenhead police feel they must do something for a living; and there is this consolation—Byrne, junior, is still living. He was neither birched nor hanged.

The Fox and the Farmer.

Farmers in West Somerset complain of being overrun by foxes, which are eating up large numbers of fowls and destroying the rabbits. In these war days everything in the way of foodstuff needs to be preserved from destruction and waste. Certainly foxes should be kept well under. What has the Master of the local Hunt to say on the matter?

Fun in the Forum.

A newspaper correspondent suggests that the scope of the Amusements Tax should be enlarged to embrace the Royal Courts of Justice—or, to employ more accurate nomenclature, the Courts of Law. There may be something in the idea, but it would be a little difficult to classify the Courts and graduate the tax according to the degree of "amusement" to be expected. For example—but we will refrain. We must talk the matter over with our brother Darling.

The First-Class Brand.

"They have furnished quarters, with iron bedsteads, hair mattresses, white blankets, sheets, coverlets, dressing-tables, easy chairs, and cushioned garden chairs. Clothes of the finest quality are provided free, with fresh linen *ad lib.*" You guess, at once, that "they" are Germhun prisoners. They are the choice brand of Huns, being of "very good position," so we treat them delicately. And we have reserved the best tit-bit for the last:—"They draw £2 10s. per month in cash." . . . Let us pause.

Her Ladyship of Kennington.

If you have seen during the past twelve months, or should you see during the next twelve months, that advert. in the *Daily Telegraph*, telling how "Lady H. W.," 29, Holland Street, S.W., wishes to sell at a horrible sacrifice something she describes as a Musquash Seal Coat, do not be caught in the snare. She wants £7 for it, and says it cost £28, but she has said it so often that iteration irritates—and we have no faith in a "Lady H. W.," who advertises from an insignificant side street in Kennington. We no more believe in her existence than Betsy Prig believed in that of Mrs. 'Arris.

A Shock for Sharpe.

Five soldiers, subscribing to a letter they send us, are after the hair of Mr. Montagu Sharpe, Chairman of the Middlesex Sessions. In the course of a recent case he said that he believed it was a regular practice in war time for girls to pay soldiers to walk out with them. If Mr. Sharpe believes that, he will believe anything. The solemn declaration before us is that "British soldiers are not in the habit of exacting toll for the very great privilege of being honoured to the extent of having a girl with whom to walk out. We wish we could have five minutes with Mr. Sharpe." It is also to be wished that Mr. Sharpe will never have five minutes with them. He is what they would call hot stuff.

The (Very) Dear Departed.

Some interesting figures are circulated in connection with the defunct *Daily Citizen*—dead, and quite forgotten until these details arrived, like a few flowers for its grave. There is a long list of salaries paid, including an editor at £20 a week, a leader-writer at £8 8s., and three lodgemen and the charwoman, who got £5 5s. weekly between them. The report closes showing how one week's running of the journal resulted in a loss of £1,041 10s. 3d. Commenting on all this, the "A.S.E. Monthly Journal and Report" remarks: "The figures are interesting as showing the immense amount of capital that is required at the present day to successfully maintain a daily paper." On the contrary, the figures show the immense amount of capital wasted in unsuccessfully running a paper which—as we said at an early stage of its career—was not wanted.

Use that extra hour for making "Bullets."

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

The First Lord soothes Unk. Sam a lot,
And his suspicion eases,
By pointing out exactly what
The "Freedom of the Seas" is.

Though we an hour earlier rise
The Sun will not be worried,
And it will cause us great surprise
If "Wait and See" is hurried.

Though Curzon's reckoned a "big gun,"
We still shall think it rummy
If he don't cause the Boches fun
By proving just a dummy.

Though on the East Coast German spies
Wires have been known to sever,
Tennant suggests in his replies
They don't—well, hardly ever.

It needs great courage nowadays
Domestic helps to tackle,
So terrorising are their ways,
So impudent their cackle.

The news he'd met a traitor's fate
Stirred B.P.'s latent humour,
But still he thought it best to state
It was a baseless rumour.

WAR WAGES.

A FEW FACTS AND FIGURES.

Apparently, the Civil Service Stores are no more generous in their treatment of employees than some of their rivals. For example, a man who has served for three years in the Grocery Department at the Queen Victoria Street Branch enjoys a wage of 25s. a week, with the addition—let us be quite fair—of a War Bonus of 1s. weekly. Since the War Bonus has been paid, however, a quarter of an hour's extra work in the evenings has been expected, the daily hours now being from 8.20 a.m. to 6.30 p.m., except on Saturdays, when work is "knocked off" at 1.30 p.m. It seems that the recent introduction of Belgian labour has effected a slight improvement in the wages of heavy porters, the Belgian Consul in London having, very properly, declined to allow his charges to drudge for a pittance of £1 per week. Apart from this single instance, however, the wages in the Grocery Department seem to have reached a stationary level, and it is distressing to hear of an employee in a position of some responsibility, with over 20 years' service to his credit, receiving as little as 33s. a week. The policy of the Stores in regard to men called to the Colours affords no excuse for the niggardly treatment of others who, in most instances, are unsuited for military service. Although nearly 400 members of the staff have joined the Army, the allowance made to them averages only a few shillings—in some instances as little as sixpence—weekly, and the total liability in this respect is a trifling consideration to a firm with the mammoth turnover of the Civil Service Stores. The foregoing facts may be of some interest to the comfortably-placed customers of a concern which has, perhaps, enjoyed a higher reputation than, in some respects, it has deserved.

THE REWARD OF PATRIOTISM.

THE ADMIRALTY AS PURVEYORS OF PIE-CRUST.

Wide asunder as the Poles are promise and performance on the part of the Admiralty in the matter of rewards. This is what their poster states:—"Rewards up to £20 will be paid to any person . . , who may give information which may lead to the detection of any person supplying petrol, fuel, or stores, to enemy craft, or signalling and communicating in any way with enemy craft. Larger amounts up to £100 will be paid for information leading to the discovery of submarine or aircraft bases." Now, about a year ago, one of our readers became possessed of information to the effect that certain persons, at a certain point on the Irish coast, were supplying petrol to German submarines, taking that very precious commodity out to the enemy in small boats by night. Like a good citizen he communicated his knowledge to the Admiralty, receiving an acknowledgment and a promise to attend to it. The next news came, not from the officials, but from that spot in Ireland. Gunboats and a minelayer had visited there, all the rowing boats had been seized, and mines were laid. The pro-Germans, whose little scheme was dished, were furious, wondering who had "blown the gaff." Our friend, appreciating the value of his news, wrote to the Admiralty to claim a reward. It took my Lords a month to make up their noble and official minds that they were "unable to sanction the payment of any reward for this information." A second letter is to the same effect. To us this seems a clear breach of faith. The promise is plain; the information was exact; it was acted upon; being useful, it was used. Our friend might have expected no monetary recognition had there been no public promise; but, if rewards are bestowed as placarded, he is certainly entitled to his share.

Help yourself by signing Free Insurance Coupon, page iii of cover.

GREAT THINGS IN THE AIR.

IT'S NEARLY OVER—GERMANY AND PEACE.

BY THE EDITOR.

Victory is in the air. From every quarter of the vast and varied field of war come the portents which precede triumph. It has been, indeed, "a long, long way to Tipperary." The road has often been rough—there have been deep disappointments; on the way the toll of life has mounted up. But the spirit of the Allies has never wavered. Russia, which the politician would have us believe was "a spent force" months ago, is in the hey-day of renewed strength. She has never faltered. Great set-backs have been met with stern courage—what to a people less strong for the fight, less certain of ultimate triumph, would have been defeats have counted only as delays. To-day she is winning fresh laurels against the Turk, helping to gain through her splendid fighting in Persia the road to victory in Mesopotamia. Baghdad, which has told for our arms one of the saddest of stories in this big and bloody strife, may yet ring with the exultant cries of the conquering troops of the Czar. And in that triumph the soldiers of the King will bear their part. The sun of victory is shedding its rays over fields red with the blood of brave men. What was denied to General Townshend, bravest and most intrepid of British soldiers, may yet fall to our arms in gallant alliance with the Russian forces. The sun of victory is rising in the East; it will spread its welcome rays over the vast fields of war until it sets in sure triumph for the Allies and all they are fighting for in the West.

TRIUMPHS IN THE EAST.

Wherever we turn in the farther fields of conflict—we will leave the West for a moment—success is rewarding long endurance and patient suffering. In the Sinai Peninsula the British Tommy is adding new laurels to the Imperial Crown—Australian and New Zealand troops are winning new glories for the Dominions Overseas. When the never-to-be-forgotten story of this world war comes to be told in all its grandeur of detail and fullness of meaning, the men who fought and died on the sands of Anzac—the gallant boys whose spirits make the ghosts of Gallipoli—will share the glory and the pride that will belong to the conquering troops of the Antipodes. And, as we withdraw our gaze from the rising sun of victory in the near East, we can pause for a moment over the mountains where the Italians in the Southern Tyrol are struggling with fierce courage against the Austrians. There are so many scenes and phases of this all-embracing Armageddon that it is difficult for the mind to encompass them. Perhaps we have not always understood the methods and the aims of our Italian Ally. Perhaps there have been moments when we could not appreciate either her tactics or her fighting spirit. But when we come to balance the profit and loss of Italy's late intervention in the war, and realise what it was that delayed her entrance in the quarrel and withheld for so long her full fighting strength, we shall be able the better to realise the value of her part in the struggle and find a true estimate of her share in the victory. There was a time, it is true, when, for want of understanding of military objectives and for lack of a concerted plan of campaign between the fighting Allies, strength was wasted and the full force of the powers of destruction against the Hun was not brought into play. But the Allies have learned their lesson—dearly bought, it is true; but they have learned it—and to-day there is perfect understanding, complete oneness of purpose and of method. Strength and unity make victory sure.

PROMISE OF THE WEST.

When I turn to the West, what do I see? I see millions of armed and marching men; I see the gallant soldiers of France and our own stalwart fellows, grown strong and self-reliant under war conditions, made into one mighty fighting machine under discipline, awaiting the hour which shall hear the order "Advance"—eager for the day which shall seal the certainty of triumph. Just where the Tommy and the Piou stand shoulder to shoulder, just how French and British join in the great barrier of men which has held back the invading hosts of Prussia, cannot be told. But this I can say—that while, in the East, British and French are ready as one man to strike the blow which shall ring the doom of Turkey and hurl back the forces of the Devil, so along the far-stretching lines that rest at one end by the shores of Belgium and at the other almost touch the frontiers of Switzerland—which, isolated from the struggle, is yet enveloped in the noise and smoke of battle—the soldiers of the sister nations are entrenched in their millions. Verdun, for the moment, still remains the centre and the crux of conflict. But it may not be for long. That last mighty effort of the foe has failed—the Huns' hopes have been shattered in the storm of shell and lie drowned in the blood of the Prussian soldier. Just as those mad and merciless marches towards Paris ended in death and destruction, when the war was little more than a few weeks old, so the Verdun victory has been denied. Mountains of dead have been piled up in sacrifice to the ambitions of the Madman of Potsdam—hundreds of thousands of lives have been offered up on the altars of infamy—and to-day the men who planned and gambled that Verdun might fall, beat their impotent breasts with hands red with blood. Turn your eyes this way or that—concentrate your gaze wherever you may, and you find that Germhuny's plans have miscarried or that the Kaiser's hopes have been swallowed up in blood and misery; that victory has given place to disappointment, that his only triumphs have been hand-in-hand with the grim spectre of death. Yes, I see on every side signs of the coming victory over those powers of Darkness whose throne is set up in Potsdam, whose dominion is but the dominion of the damned. When I look from the stained and sodden fields of war, behind the lines of the Germhun hosts.

across the famine-stricken plains of Poland and the ravished land of Belgium, I see a Germhuny sick unto starvation, pinched with the stark fingers of hunger, becoming weaker and weaker for want of the necessaries of life and the materials of war. While we set up a Minister to secure Munitions, to organise our supplies the better to cripple and to kill the foe, Germhuny must needs appoint a Minister of Food, one whose business it is to enable the duped and depressed subjects of the Kaiser to secure the bare means of existence. While, on the one side, the men around the madman of Potsdam make their vain boastings, on the other emissaries of the Evil One of Europe are abroad in the world plotting for peace, pleading for respite from Pope or President—ready to conjure or to cajole those who stand outside the war to intervene for peace. The Germhun people are sore pressed. I know there has been exaggeration, I know that neutrals from Berlin have brought us tales which they thought would be pleasant to our ears.

The Gaunt Spectre in Germhuny.

But, making all allowance for exaggeration and granting every discount for highly-coloured pictures, there remains the fact—corroborated in a hundred ways—that the gaunt spectre of want is clutching at the throats of the poor of Germhuny. What debt we owe, and our brave Allies owe, to the power of the British Navy is best understood by the enemy. The submarine may menace our merchant ships and in impotent fury sink the non-combatant and murder the innocent. But our strength on the seas is as the strength of giants—it is having fuller, if not full, play to-day—and the end is drawing near. What would have been the outcome if the strangle hold of the Navy had been fastened on the food of Germany in the early days of the war, God alone knows. That failure of our Government to give the sailor a free hand, to let the Admirals rule the waves in fact as well as in fancy, is one of the dark and sinister counts in my Indictment. But I repeat I am ready to forget or postpone all these things and to warm my hopes in the sun of victory. That victory is coming, and coming sooner perhaps than even I dare to suggest; it is as certain as the coming of the summer. But to make triumph quick and sure we must forget everything save the means to secure it. We have "got the men"—or should I say we can have them now for the asking? We have "got the money"—and we have the will to win. Let us use every ounce of our power, every grain of energy, to bring the triumph speedily and sure. When I think how the victory has been delayed by dissensions and indecisions, I shudder. When I realise what has been the price of Party bickering and Ministerial muddling, I flush with anger. But, in God's name, now that the banner of triumph is already waving in the breeze, let us forget everything—let us make the long, strong pull all together, and before we know it the joy bells will ring, and the streets of London will throw off their darkness and shine with the illuminations of Peace Night.

The Road to Berlin.

Victory cannot be won with the magician's wand. There is no royal road to triumph; no mysterious track to Berlin. But we are on the right road now. "We are at a decisive hour when we are justified in entertaining the most sanguine hopes." Those are the clarion words of the French Premier. But just as M. Briand has claimed and gained the splendid support of the French people through the French Parliament, so those who rule over us and those who are ruled must unite for the decisive hour. "It depends upon the solidarity of our work whether victory shall shine upon our colours to-morrow." And it equally depends upon the sincerity of our Government, allied to the splendid spirit of our people. Great wars are never won by compromise; a peace that is worth the making must be made with a beaten and exhausted enemy. Nothing that is likely to weaken our fighting arms or to divert us from the all-compelling purpose of crushing the Hun must be tolerated. To Hades with political factions—those who are not for us are against us! Mr. Asquith and his Ministers have learned—yes, I give them credit for having learned—the ghastly lesson which Ireland has just taught them. Face the facts. Let there be no trifling with treason. Better an Ireland at the bottom of the sea than an Empire robbed of its triumph. I will forgive the men who in the past preached "England's adversity—Ireland's opportunity," if now they will cease tolerating rebels, will put an end to factions, will pretend no more pretty fictions, but will unite—Redmondite and Carsonite, Catholic and Protestant—in a determination to make Ireland worthy of her fighting sons, and worthy to share the honours and the glories of the Empire which can boast a world-wide answer to the call of the Motherland. Then shall they share in the great glory.

The Sound of Victory.

We want no shirkers—no men who put "conscience" before country, or who hide limbs lusty enough for this fight for Freedom under the departmental tables of Government. But while we comb out the slackers and the idlers and make men—King's men—of them, let us comb out all that makes for weakness, all that delays the hour of victory. "Daylight saving," yes, if you like—but what is that compared with life saving, tear saving, home saving? Does *anything* matter compared with this world-regenerating enterprise which, under God, we must see through to an all-conquering end? We prate of our personal liberties, while the wider liberty—the freedom of Humanity, the foundation of Civilisation—is in jeopardy. There is no reason why injustice should be done that Freedom shall prevail. We must be fair and generous to all who are now being called to the fighting ranks. We must make certain that, while they are standing to arms, no hurt shall come to those dear and near to them—that, while they make the great sacrifice, no alien feet shall fill their shoes, no naturalised Huns snatch their rights. But what we must make certain, above all, is that the victory within our grasp shall be gripped with both hands. One more pull, brothers and sisters of Empire—a long pull and a strong pull, and a pull all together.

The End in Sight

Yes, Victory is in the air—which is vibrant with the coming news. The nitrogen of neutrality, the carbonic gas of Poisoned Power—all is being dissipated everlastingly by the oxygenated forces of the Allies, into whose souls, after much trial and travail, has been breathed the spirit of God—for the sacred purpose of cleansing the earth of the foulest insult to humanity, and the greatest blasphemy upon mankind, ever perpetrated since the world began.

STRIKE NOW—STRIKE HARD!

IF THE PEOPLE ASK FOR BREAD, WILL YE GIVE THEM—LAW?

By A. G. Hales.

I do not think it is of much use to appeal to this Government to do its duty towards our enemy. The time is rapidly approaching when appeals will have to be made direct to the nation. Our legal Parliamentarians seem so tender-hearted towards the foe; *they* will abide by the law in the letter and the spirit, though our enemy from the outset made it plain that they intended to break each and every rule as it suited their needs or circumstances. The only people whom our legal politicians do not study are their own. Let me briefly review the situation on the ocean as it affects us. Within the last seven weeks the Germans have sunk about one hundred ships, ranging from mere tramps to great ocean liners. Just exactly how many vessels they have sent to the bottom since war was loosed I do not know, but the enemy know, and jubilation reigns in their councils over their achievements. The foe are more than satisfied with the result of the submarine warfare, and openly boast that they will yet succeed in starving us until we consent to an ignoble peace. This may, or may not, prove an idle vaunt. Of this I feel assured—it will not prove a vain boast unless we have a change in our Councils. God help us, for a mysterious people! We sit still whilst a longshoreman fills a sailor's job, and the enemy continue to sink our mercantile marine. Mr. Balfour—dreamer and metaphysician—rules the destinies of our navy; whilst Lord Fisher, our greatest practical sailor, is growing cabbages for aught I know. I only know he is not in the place the nation wants him to fill. Never mind, Britons! The lawyers have cut down the brewing of beer by one-third, and that's a great moral victory!

Will the Government Tell Us—

why the German ships that have been so long interned in our ports and in neutral ports were not at once seized to carry food for the British nation in place of those sunk by the enemy? It's against the law, cry the horrified wig and gown Government. To Hades with the law! Is it not against the law of civilised nations to sink *our passenger ships without warning?* We've got too much law and too many lawyers. Law made by lawyers never yet held good in time of war. Let me cite a case that bears directly upon this shipping matter. When war was commenced between Russia and Japan I was sent East at once, and know what I'm writing about. A first-class Russian cruiser, the *Variag*, and an ancient Russian gunboat, the *Koretza*, were lying in the neutral harbour of Chemulpo. Fourteen Japanese vessels of war came up and secured the mouth of the harbour, and the Mikado's admiral sent in word to the Russian commander, saying, "Come out and fight, or haul down your flag and surrender, or I'll come in and sink you." Chemulpo being a neutral harbour, the Japanese sailor had no warrant *in law* for his action, except the law of the man with the most guns. There were British, American and German men-o'-war in Chemulpo Harbour at that moment, and the Russian commander asked for the protection of the nations. A conference of all nations was held on board one of the British ships, and the verdict was. . . . "You are at war; it is your business." The Russian steamed out after that verdict and put up one of the noblest fights in history. The *Koretza* was sunk. The *Variag*, her decks awash with blood, her officers nearly all down, and flame bursting from her fore and aft, was run ashore. She died fighting. No protest was made by any of the nations, and Japan would have cared little if such protest had been made. Japan was at war, and realised it. But then there was not a solitary lawyer on the Mikado's War Council; soldiers and sailors looked after the war departments; statesmen attended to the finance, and the Chemulpo episode occurred a few hours after hostilities commenced. We have been nearly two years in a wallow of blood, and yet hundreds of our enemy's ships are snuggling up in safety in neutral ports, *and in our own.* Our old-time Admirals and statesmen would not have stood for such a state of affairs; they would have done as the Japanese did at Chemulpo. And in the case of merchandise, Nelson would have sent in boats' crews to cut the enemy merchantmen out or sink them, no matter whose harbours they hid in. But we are paralysed by law; and in this case, as in many matters, law is not justice, for if our ships are to be sunk at sea, retributive justice calls for the capture or sinking of German ships in harbour.

What Will the End Be?

We may as well look at the truth without blinking. If we do not alter our present plans, there will be a shortage of food in Great Britain. There *is* a certain amount of shortage now, or else why have prices gone up all round? If there is no shortage, then merchants and shippers are guilty of the most damnable form of robbery. They are guilty of preying upon the needs of their countrymen in time of war—and that is a crime equivalent to "cowardice in the presence of the enemy," and the penalty for that latter crime is—death. The Government apologists cannot have it both ways. Either there is a shortage of food or there is not; if not, why are the people being robbed? Is it because Parliamentarians are feathering their own nests, and so sit like dumb dogs whilst the populace are thrown to the wolves? If it is true that there is a shortage, what is the Government going to do about it now—not a month hence, *but now?* In any event, in case of accidents vast stores of food-stuffs of all kinds should be stored in Great Britain by the Government for the use of the people. Wheat and meat are money. The Government could sell every bushel of wheat and every pound of meat without difficulty if any remained over after the war. It would not be throwing money away to purchase all that could be brought here now; for money invested in food-stuffs would be better laid out than if stored in banks. It is all very well to help our Allies to the best of our abilities, but it is best of all to help our own folk first. Prevention is better than cure. Nothing would dishearten the enemy like the knowledge that our granaries and our store-houses were bursting with food-stuffs, stored up by a wise and thoughtful Government for the use of the nation in case of accident. No individual or combination of individuals can accomplish such a gigantic task as this—it is too colossal; it needs the wealth and the credit of the British Government to accomplish it properly. Is it too much to ask that it be commenced *at once?* Delays are dangerous.

Now what about *our* shipping. How long will it be before the Government takes over every merchantman under our flag. They have not hesitated to *force the manhood of the country* into the fighting line, whether it spells ruin to the small man or not. Ships are not of more value than human lives. We want those ships, and we'll have them. We have learnt the value of the *doctrine of force*—the Government was our teacher. The shipowners are making tens of millions out of the people—one company alone cleared two millions in profit last year, after paying Government dues of a like amount. We must stop this wholesale plundering. Seize the ships, great and small, as our men have been seized; that's only justice—and place the whole mercantile marine in the hands of a marine board under some competent owner, and so protect the people.

FIGHT, DON'T PREACH!

STRAIGHT TALK TO KNOCK-KNEED CHRISTIANS AND PEACE HUMBUGS.

BY THE REV. FORBES PHILLIPS (Vicar of Gorleston).

War always brings religion into the arena. It is required as a scapegoat, an excuse, and a peg to hang a speech on by cranks of various kinds—while that human error, the "conscientious objector," embraces it as an accomplice of his shirking and a plea for his selfishness. Professional politicians, Parliamentary "comrades," and not a few bishops whose stock-in-trade is a supply of platitudes, bemoan the fact that religion has failed. It is prominently before us now as an excuse for shirking responsibilities, and the heroic Christ is dishonoured by those who claim His authority for their cowardice and their selfishness. His Gospel was the gospel of sacrifice, not of selfishness. The sublime courage, patience, resignation and obedience to the call of Duty—the whole battery of lights which illuminated Calvary—offer a stern rebuke to the muddy hypocrisy which to-day enjoys the comfort of the Gospel and ignores the duties.

"SACRED MEMORIES" OF THE SUPER-BULLY.

Our bishops and the various sectarian divines are for the most part dumb or notoriously pusillanimous. Do they imagine—can anyone imagine—the Christ standing by apologetic while bestiality is running riot? Can anyone with Christ's gospel in his hand conceive of Jesus silently acquiescing, or unwilling to strike a blow, when women and children are being made the victims of unprintable infamies? Is this a time to dwell on the "sacred memories" of the Super-Bully? Is it a time to flatter the arch-fiend of lust and rapine by assurances that he shall not be humiliated after his orgy?

In the name of Christ's holy religion which so many of our Pecksniffs in theology have repudiated while they still mouth their sectarian shibboleths, let us have done with this caricature of creed! Christ was a patriot; if He wept for this country, He was prepared to die for it, and the mongrels who use His Name would not risk damp socks for it. The time has come to speak out. The eccentric comedians who form the Cabinet play the game of "Wait and See," while British manhood pays the price in terms of sacrificial blood. The real followers of Christ are fighting. Politicians talk of Unity; and the poor deluded voter thinks they mean unity of purpose in this tragedy of war. All the time, with their tongues in their cheeks, our eccentric political comedians are playing for the unity of their miserable Party. The safeguarding of the Empire must give way to the safeguarding of Party interest; and some of them find in religion an excuse for that.

A CHURCHMAN'S DUTY TO FIGHT.

Religion is war, and war and religion are synonymous terms. Religion is the fight against injustice and wrong, devilry, lust and rapine—not forgetting hypocrisy. Religion means more than pious platitudes, palaces and the baiting of ritualistic curates and the converting of Jews.

It is time to remind our bishops that the first essential of membership in the church they represent and betray is the acceptance of militancy, not acquiescence in pusillanimity and apologetics for sin. The first essential a churchman must recognise is to fight. "We receive this child into the congregation of Christ's flock and do sign him with the sign of the Cross, in token that hereafter he shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified and manfully to fight under His banner against sin, the world, the flesh, and the devil, and to continue Christ's faithful soldier," etc. Those are the terms.

If this be not a bugle call to duty, to fight against devilry let loose, in God's name I ask what is? In the olden days, when bishops were leaders instead of humble followers of the "Wait and See" gospel, the fiery cross preached by bishops would have raised Christendom. No bugle blast of battle comes from them.

Christianity is no sloppy sentimentalism, no emasculated religion, no effeminate emotionalism; it is pre-eminently a strong and manly creed—and, because manly, god-like. "Quit you like men." Virtue is manliness, valour and chivalry, gallantry and strength, a burning resentment against cruelty and wrong. These are the essentials of a lofty virtue. These are the Christ qualities. Say what you will, but no coward, no slacker, no soft, pitiful, creeping character can be truly a Christian, though he may be a bishop. Why, birds and beasts will put up a fight for the female, for the nest, for what represents home! It is reserved for the human type of beast to present the shamelessness of avowing that he would not lift his hand to stop a rape upon his own sister. "Quit you like men," do not suffer to moulder away the faculties entrusted to us as part of the image of God, our Creator.

TYPE OF SUPREME DUTY.

Papers, parsons, periodicals and publicists are for ever putting before us the horrors of war, but you will see more virtues in five minutes on the battlefield than you will see in five years in Little Bethel. And what of the horrors of Peace? Is there a night that some poor storm-tossed soul does not slink down to the river? A sob, a few ripples of the murky water, and all is over. No: that sob and that ripple are cries to God to judge the horrors of Peace—they are the counts in the great indictment before God of the failure, not of religion, but of those who claim fellowship and discipleship with Him who came to save and uplift. Christ was no mere talker. He was not a tract-distributor. His argument was Himself as the Type of Supreme Duty. Arguments are what we say about things. The arguments that count are what things say for themselves. Again I say, God bless our Sailors and Soldiers! the true pillars of Christianity. If they do not preach self-sacrifice, they practise it.

WHAT ARE OUR BISHOPS DOING?

In olden days the yew tree was planted under the very shadow of the parish church, so that our ancestors might at any moment cut their national weapon from ground sanctified by their dead and consecrated by their faith. But now, alas! the National Church has lost something of the noble and ringing tone which summoned our forefathers to battle. True, there are parish priests here and there who deliver faithfully the message of the Master, and give to the men of fight the sanction of the Church's solemn service, and who stand with uplifted hand to bless and uplifted voice to consecrate devotion and duty to the country's call—but what are our bishops doing? Have they no voice for the new order of knighthood that has sprung up amongst us men sworn to a vow to do battle against the powers of darkness? God bless our sailors and soldiers! They are teaching the Churches the meaning of Christ's Gospel. When the fighting lads return to their homes in town and in village, they will bring with them new ideals, firmer faith, manlier sentiments. These men who have looked into the eyes of death, who have faced the realities, will lift religion out of its sloppy bed of mere emotionalism and out of the death clothes of mouldy ecclesiasticism, to flame again in the morning sky under the eternal sign of duty—the Cross of Christ.

ANOTHER PROTEST FROM THE FRONT.

WHAT THEY THINK OF THE "C.O.s."

My Dear John,—The question whether we British are decadent has been discussed *ad nauseam* before the war and since, and, thank God, the heights of "Anzac" and the trenches of Loos and Ypres have long since answered for some of us; but we cannot disguise from ourselves that luxury, police protection, and immunity from danger have produced the conscientious objecting worm and his kind in swarms.

Unfortunately, in these days of promiscuous election to the House of Anything, some of these worms have climbed high on the political tree, and the pluck of the many who have answered the call of murdered innocents leaves a dangerous majority at home to pull the strings.

Of course, if there were enough men left who could see further than the immediate enjoyment to be derived from a week's wages, or cared more for their mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts than for their own worthless skins, their shrift would be short and merry, with six feet of blind-cord and a lamp-post as a terminus.

Our amazement out here that the blather they talk should be given the dignity of publication; the immunity from service thousands of them receive, and the trivial fines and sentences in the "Second Division" which are meted out to traitorous curs, would be laughable if it were not tempered with an overpowering desire to come home and deal with them ourselves—and some of us will, some day, I hope.

We know that there are men—you for one—who would be with us if you could, and are doing your bit every day, and every minute of the day, at home, and it is to you that we must leave the task of ridding our dear old British garden of these pests.

Make your spray as vitriolic as you well know how to, and spare no spot, from the tree-top to the cesspool, wherein lurks the spawn who fears to defend the mother who hatched it, and blasphemes the Almighty daily in every English Exemption Court.

Give it 'em, John! Give 'em Hell, as a matter of anticipation. Make every objector produce a clean bill of religious health for years past. "By their works ye shall know them." Let him show that his past life within recent years has been such as to warrant the supposition that his objection to fight for his country like a man is really based on genuine religious belief and fervour, however mistaken—let him show that he has been a good son or husband and has led a genuinely religious life; and then, perhaps, something might be forgiven him, and the lethal end of the well-intentioned but lost cur might well be his lot without further obloquy.

But, John, if he can't—if he can be shown, for his own pleasure or gain, to have violated one precept of that Christ he now quotes so glibly, you see to it, John, that he goes to the front—and not as a non-combatant; and you can bet your life that we will see to it out here that he does his bit.

You might publish a list of names of some of the worst every week, and they might be recognised and properly welcomed when they are dragged, squealing and blubbering, into the company of men.

It is up to you, and all English men and women, to see to it that the life of those that do manage to shirk out of it is such that before six months is out they will pray for the trenches they now funk.

Laws, made in part by their kind, forbid their extinction by summary methods, but every decent woman will remember that they would run squealing from Germans behind their mother's petticoats, and will refuse to mate with them; and so let us hope that this decadent plague spot in the life of our nation will dry up and cease to exist.

Don't please publish my name, as we are not allowed to have any say in the affairs of the Nation, beyond sometimes getting killed for it, but you will find it below.

I may, however, say, in justification of this screed, that I am a "Kitchener," nearly 50, have been through two wars before this, entirely voluntarily, and was glad to give up a good position and come 5,000 miles to this.—I am, Dear John,

(A different kind of insect)

"The Trench Borer."

"Somewhere in France."

"NOT TO-DAY, BAKER!"

THE REPLY TO APPEALS FOR WORK FOR HUNS.

Despite the statement by the Home Office authorities that "it is only in very exceptional cases indeed that any Germans were released from internment," somebody is freeing Hun bakers from the places in which they have been incarcerated, with the result that German bakeries are flourishing while men from English shops are taken for the Army, to the detriment of their businesses. That the fact is so is proved by a statement read by the Secretary to the Committee of the London Master Bakers' Protection Society, in which the writer gave the names of five aliens who had been released from internment camps, and who are now being employed in the trade. *How* it is done has been somewhat of a mystery, because of the silence and the darkness in which officialdom moved to do its undesirable work.

The following letter, written by the wife of one of these interned alien enemies to a British firm, throws a flood of light upon the matter:—

34, Winstead Street, Battersea.

Dear Sir,—I am very sorry to trouble you, but the reason for writing you is, I wrote to Mr. Steinmetz [her husband] and told him that —— [an Englishman] had to go in the Army, so he wrote back to me asking me to write to you and ask you if you was not suited with a foreman if you would be good enough and write to the Home Office and try and get him home—there are plenty of them coming home. If anybody got a situation for them there is every possible chance to get them home. If you think anything of it, I would be pleased to come and see you about it. All you have to do is write to the Home Office and tell them that you wish to employ C. Steinmetz if they would release him. He would have to do the same from the Camp and I would have to write myself to the Home Office.

And, as the conjurers say, "that's how it's done." The "foreman" referred to in the letter was refused exemption by the local Tribunal, and it was his place that the German prisoner was anxious to fill. But for the patriotism of the firm, who refused to entertain the proposal, that German might have been released to step into the shoes of a fighting man.

Presumably the guilty person in the circumstances set out is Mr. Samuel, but it is quite certain that Quakers are acting in accord with him, if not in actual collaboration. The Quakers' precious Committee "for the Assistance of Germans, Austrians, and Hungarians in Distress" (we suppose Turks are included in this Holy Alliance, but Britons in distress are rigidly excluded) has had the impertinence to write to an employment agency in these terms:—

Would you kindly let me know if you are able to find employment for German bakers? . . . We are trying to aid innocent enemy aliens.

The ascription of innocence to indiscriminate Huns is a gratuitous presumption; the request to provide them with work is colossal cheek. The agents to whom the letter was sent stated plainly "that there is insufficient work for our own English bakers." We hope the Quakers will cease their efforts to take the bread out of the mouths—and hands—of British bakers, so that they may feed their "alien enemy" pets. There is no reason why Germans should not bake, but they must bake as prisoners in camp.

A PARSON'S EXCUSE.

REASONS WRITTEN IN RIDICULOUS RHYME.

We have a handbill, distributed to G.E.R. men by a Stratford gentleman styled Reverend. It contains some doggerel verse, as execrable in rhythm and scansion as it is deplorable in tone. "A humble parson" tells why he is "shy of the trenches," though he "really would not mind an honourable death" upon the battlefield. But, he gasps, "Fight for yonder drunkards as they reel along the street? . . . Fight for all the luxury, extravagance in dress? Fight for politicians who my Lord will not confess?" Not he. He is safer at home, and means to stay home. And he tells us why he will not fight for reeling drunkards—whom nobody asked him to fight for. He puts it like this:—"My answer I will give you with the curtest little nod. Thank you very much, sir, but I'd rather fight for *God!*" His thanks are quite unnecessary, and will be placed at their true value by all patriots.

No leakage, no inky fingers—the "John Bull" Pen.

TALES FROM TENANTS.

AN IMPATIENT LANDLORD—AND THE BETTER WAY.

The war rents problem is complicated in many districts by the appalling dearth of cottage accommodation. At the West Bromwich Police Court, Messrs. Sankey and Sons, a firm of moneylenders, applied for an Ejectment Order against Edward Draper, the tenant of a house at 1, Price Street, West Bromwich. Replying to the summons, Mrs. Draper stated that her husband had been for twelve months in the Army—a circumstance which does not seem to have deterred the landlords from carrying matters to extreme lengths. In the course of her evidence, Mrs. Draper had a good deal to say about the difficulty of finding house-room in West Bromwich. She thought it "quite hard enough" to have three children to look after, and a husband away fighting the Germans, without having a moneylender fighting against her. We have a good deal of sympathy with this point of view, and we regret that Messrs. Sankey and Sons should have felt it necessary to resort to ejectment proceedings. We are bound, moreover, to attach some weight to Mrs. Draper's further statement that "her child was dangerously ill at the time the notice was served seven weeks ago, and she could not go into the street with her, into the snow." However, Mr. Sankey claimed that he required the premises—which adjoined his offices—for his personal occupation; and, upon the whole, the Magistrates appear to have reached a wise and humane decision in postponing the application for a month, Mrs. Draper being advised in the meantime to renew her search for a suitable house, though with apparently little prospect of success.

To come nearer London, Mr. William Lambert, of Arthur's Bridge, is a resourceful landlord. He has made a tour of his property in Woking, and invited the tenants "voluntarily to assist in this heavy taxation." To Mr. Harold Maund, of 23, Poole Road, Woking, belongs the discredit of having turned a deaf ear to Mr. Lambert's appeal; and in extenuation of his graceless behaviour, we may at once state that Mr. Maund is not a direct tenant of Mr. Lambert's, but rents the house from his brother-in-law, Mr. George James, who has it from the owner on a quarterly tenancy. Apart from this explanation, it might be hastily assumed that Mr. Lambert was responsible for the recent proceedings at the Woking Police Court, when Mr. George James applied for an Ejectment Order against Mr. Harold Maund, the application being refused by the Magistrates on the strength of the recent Act. For Mr. Lambert, of course, the Rents Act could have no terrors. He has never demanded an increase of rent. That would have been illegal. His principal difficulty, perhaps, has been to restrain the spontaneous generosity of his tenants. In their failure to appreciate the beauties of this "voluntary" arrangement, the Woking Magistrates betrayed a singular want of discrimination. Probably they would be just as hard on a man who had choked a dog with butter.

A PIPE AND A PUFF.

"BLESSED IS HE WHO EXPECTETH NOTHING."

Artfulness in advertising may be smart, but we imagine that results must, in the long run, pan out disappointingly when the artifice is of a threadbare nature. Albert Baker and Co., Ltd., the tobacco people, have advertised a "Special Offer, Given Free" to "smokers," of a "handsome presentation pipe, finest selected bowl, superfine vulcanite mouthpiece, silver mount." There is a picture of the pipe, and advice as to early response before the stock is exhausted. Apparently, you have just to "Address, 'Pipe,'" and will then receive one. But this is not the case. A reader who imagined he had scented a good thing, did "Address, 'Pipe,'" and in return he received—a price list. Accompanying it was a letter stating that Albert Baker and Co.'s goods are "incomparable," and offering to present a pipe to all who purchase smokables "to the value of not less than 15s." Of course, the man who expects something for nothing is usually unsophisticated, but such misleading advertising is neither tactful nor tasteful on the part of a reputable business house.

EYES RIGHT—AND WRONG.

MORE BRITISH PEDIGREE STOCK.

From the advertisement columns of the *Optician* we gather that the Nitsche and Gunther Optical Co., Ltd., of 66, Hatton Garden, London, E.C., are "the Premier Prescription House" in the spectacle trade, while their "facilities for the execution of rimless work" and for "obviating marginal astigmatism" are the last words in science and skill. However, it is only fair to Messrs. Nitsche and Gunther to say that these are by no means their sole claims to the public notice, their pedigree and history as a British commercial undertaking being of a most fascinating kind. Inquiry at Somerset House reveals the fact that the concern was registered as a private company in March; 1910, with a capital of £20,000 and a Registered Office at the present address in Hatton Garden, the shareholders at that time being—Paul Nitsche, of Dunckerstrasse, Rathenon, Germany; Emil Muth, also of Dunckerstrasse, Rathenon, Germany, and Ernst Nitsche, then domiciled at 9, Lovelace Road, Surbiton, in the County of Surrey. At the close of 1910, Mr. Ernst Nitsche seems to have disposed of his holding of 5,940 shares, and from that date to this the only Nitsche in the Nitsche and Gunther Optical Co., Ltd., has been the aforesaid Nitsche of the Dunckerstrasse, in Rathenon, in the land of the Huns. According to a return filed last December, the present Directors are Messrs. W. D. Englanton and N. H. Brandon, but when we come to the shareholders it seems that Herr Paul Nitsche, somewhere in Germany, retains his holding, as does his colleague and compatriot, Herr Emil Muth. All this, of course, has little or nothing to do with the facility of the Nitsche and Gunther Optical Company in correcting "marginal astigmatism" and similar defects of British vision, but it is no more than the obvious truth to say that had we not been a peculiarly short-sighted people, there would never have been scope for the genius of the Nitsche Company within the liberties of London Town.

A BASELESS SLANDER.

GROSS INJUSTICE AT SOUTHEND.

The Secretary of the Southend Trades Council is responsible for the statement that "the Prince of Wales' Fund is being administered in that district in quite the wrong spirit, and that most of the Service Relief Committee have little or no acquaintance with the experiences of working-class people." Not long ago we mentioned the case of a soldier's wife at Southend, who had been made the victim of a wholly unjustified charge of intemperance, supported, as far as we could learn, by a single individual—upon the strength of which her "rent" allowance of 6s. weekly had been withdrawn. It seems that, as an outcome of the publicity given to the matter, a Local Government Board Inspector made inquiries into the case, with the result that the allowance has at length been resumed—but in circumstances which leave the original injustice largely unredressed. The present position may be gathered from the terms of the following letter, addressed to the recipient by Mr. Arthur W. Hunt, the Hon. Sec. of the Service Relief Committee:—

> DEAR MADAM,—In reply to your application for further assistance from this Fund, I am directed to say that after receiving a report from Mrs. ——, your visiting member, my Committee have decided to grant a rent allowance of 4s. 6d. weekly as from the 19th inst., the payment being made on the distinct understanding that in the event of circumstances arising such as the Committee felt previously precluded them from renewing the grant, the allowance will be discontinued. A Postal Order for 4s. 6d. is accordingly enclosed herewith.

It will be seen that not only is the allowance reduced from 6s. to 4s. 6d., but the original charge of drunkenness—for it was nothing less—is treated as a proved offence, whereas, as we are fully satisfied, it was never more than a cruel and baseless suspicion. It is evident that for the future the methods of the Southend Service Relief Committee will demand close scrutiny. Its action is mean and discreditable, and is, we are afraid, typical of the "superior" and arbitrary attitude adopted by many other Committees administering moneys subscribed for the relief of our soldiers' and sailors' dependents.

Your Wife and Daughter will thank you for a copy of "Everywoman's."

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Despite the statement by the Home Office authorities that "it is only in very exceptional cases indeed that any Germans were released from internment," somebody is freeing Hun bakers from the places in which they have been incarcerated, with the result that German bakeries are flourishing while men from English shops are taken for the Army, to the detriment of their businesses. That the fact is so is proved by a statement read by the Secretary to the Committee of the London Master Bakers' Protection Society, in which the writer gave the names of five aliens who had been released from internment camps, and who are now being employed in the trade. *How* it is done has been somewhat of a mystery, because of the silence and the darkness in which officialdom moved to do its undesirable work.

The following letter, written by the wife of one of these interned alien enemies to a British firm, throws a flood of light upon the matter:—

34, Winstead Street, Battersea.

Dear Sir,—I am very sorry to trouble you, but the reason for writing you is, I wrote to Mr. Steinmetz [her husband] and told him that —— [an Englishman] had to go in the Army, so he wrote back to me asking me to write to you and ask you if you was not suited with a foreman if you would be good enough and write to the Home Office and try and get him home—there are plenty of them coming home. If anybody got a situation for them there is every possible chance to get them home. If you think anything of it, I would be pleased to come and see you about it. All you have to do is write to the Home Office and tell them that you wish to employ C. Steinmetz if they would release him. He would have to do the same from the Camp and I would have to write myself to the Home Office.

And, as the conjurers say, "that's how it's done." The "foreman" referred to in the letter was refused exemption by the local Tribunal, and it was his place that the German prisoner was anxious to fill. But for the patriotism of the firm, who refused to entertain the proposal, that German might have been released to step into the shoes of a fighting man.

Presumably the guilty person in the circumstances set out is Mr. Samuel, but it is quite certain that Quakers are acting in accord with him, if not in actual collaboration. The Quakers' precious Committee "for the Assistance of Germans, Austrians, and Hungarians in Distress" (we suppose Turks are included in this Holy Alliance, but Britons in distress are rigidly excluded) has had the impertinence to write to an employment agency in these terms:—

> Would you kindly let me know if you are able to find employment for German bakers? . . . We are trying to aid innocent enemy aliens.

The ascription of innocence to indiscriminate Huns is a gratuitous presumption; the request to provide them with work is colossal cheek. The agents to whom the letter was sent stated plainly "that there is insufficient work for our own English bakers." We hope the Quakers will cease their efforts to take the bread out of the mouths—and hands—of British bakers, so that they may feed their "alien enemy" pets. There is no reason why Germans should not bake, but they must bake as prisoners in camp.

A PARSON'S EXCUSE.

REASONS WRITTEN IN RIDICULOUS RHYME.

We have a handbill, distributed to G.E.R. men by a Stratford gentleman styled Reverend. It contains some doggerel verse, as execrable in rhythm and scansion as it is deplorable in tone. "A humble parson" tells why he is "shy of the trenches," though he "really would not mind an honourable death" upon the battlefield. But, he gasps, "Fight for yonder drunkards as they reel along the street? . . . Fight for all the luxury, extravagance in dress? Fight for politicians who my Lord will not confess?" Not he. He is safer at home, and means to stay home. And he tells us why he will not fight for reeling drunkards—whom nobody asked him to fight for. He puts it like this:—"My answer I will give you with the curtest little nod. Thank you very much, sir, but I'd rather fight for *God!*" His thanks are quite unnecessary, and will be placed at their true value by all patriots.

No leakage, no inky fingers—the "John Bull" Pen.

TALES FROM TENANTS.

AN IMPATIENT LANDLORD—AND THE BETTER WAY.

The war rents problem is complicated in many districts by the appalling dearth of cottage accommodation. At the West Bromwich Police Court, Messrs. Sankey and Sons, a firm of moneylenders, applied for an Ejectment Order against Edward Draper, the tenant of a house at 1, Price Street, West Bromwich. Replying to the summons, Mrs. Draper stated that her husband had been for twelve months in the Army—a circumstance which does not seem to have deterred the landlords from carrying matters to extreme lengths. In the course of her evidence, Mrs. Draper had a good deal to say about the difficulty of finding house-room in West Bromwich. She thought it "quite hard enough" to have three children to look after, and a husband away fighting the Germans, without having a moneylender fighting against her. We have a good deal of sympathy with this point of view, and we regret that Messrs. Sankey and Sons should have felt it necessary to resort to ejectment proceedings. We are bound, moreover, to attach some weight to Mrs. Draper's further statement that "her child was dangerously ill at the time the notice was served seven weeks ago, and she could not go into the street with her, into the snow." However, Mr. Sankey claimed that he required the premises—which adjoined his offices—for his personal occupation; and, upon the whole, the Magistrates appear to have reached a wise and humane decision in postponing the application for a month, Mrs. Draper being advised in the meantime to renew her search for a suitable house, though with apparently little prospect of success.

To come nearer London, Mr. William Lambert, of Arthur's Bridge, is a resourceful landlord. He has made a tour of his property in Woking, and invited the tenants "voluntarily to assist in this heavy taxation." To Mr. Harold Maund, of 23, Poole Road, Woking, belongs the discredit of having turned a deaf ear to Mr. Lambert's appeal; and in extenuation of his graceless behaviour, we may at once state that Mr. Maund is not a direct tenant of Mr. Lambert's, but rents the house from his brother-in-law, Mr. George James, who has it from the owner on a quarterly tenancy. Apart from this explanation, it might be hastily assumed that Mr. Lambert was responsible for the recent proceedings at the Woking Police Court, when Mr. George James applied for an Ejectment Order against Mr. Harold Maund, the application being refused by the Magistrates on the strength of the recent Act. For Mr. Lambert, of course, the Rents Act could have no terrors. He has never demanded an increase of rent. That would have been illegal. His principal difficulty, perhaps, has been to restrain the spontaneous generosity of his tenants. In their failure to appreciate the beauties of this "voluntary" arrangement, the Woking Magistrates betrayed a singular want of discrimination. Probably they would be just as hard on a man who had choked a dog with butter.

A PIPE AND A PUFF.

"BLESSED IS HE WHO EXPECTETH NOTHING."

Artfulness in advertising may be smart, but we imagine that results must, in the long run, pan out disappointingly when the artifice is of a threadbare nature. Albert Baker and Co., Ltd., the tobacco people, have advertised a "Special Offer, Given Free" to "smokers," of a "handsome presentation pipe, finest selected bowl, superfine vulcanite mouthpiece, silver mount." There is a picture of the pipe, and advice as to early response before the stock is exhausted. Apparently, you have just to "Address, 'Pipe,'" and will then receive one. But this is not the case. A reader who imagined he had scented a good thing, did "Address, 'Pipe,'" and in return he received—a price list. Accompanying it was a letter stating that Albert Baker and Co.'s goods are "incomparable," and offering to present a pipe to all who purchase smokables "to the value of not less than 15s." Of course, the man who expects something for nothing is usually unsophisticated, but such misleading advertising is neither tactful nor tasteful on the part of a reputable business house.

EYES RIGHT—AND WRONG.

MORE BRITISH PEDIGREE STOCK.

From the advertisement columns of the *Optician* we gather that the Nitsche and Gunther Optical Co., Ltd., of 66, Hatton Garden, London, E.C., are "the Premier Prescription House" in the spectacle trade, while their "facilities for the execution of rimless work" and for "obviating marginal astigmatism" are the last words in science and skill. However, it is only fair to Messrs. Nitsche and Gunther to say that these are by no means their sole claims to the public notice, their pedigree and history as a British commercial undertaking being of a most fascinating kind. Inquiry at Somerset House reveals the fact that the concern was registered as a private company in March; 1910, with a capital of £20,000 and a Registered Office at the present address in Hatton Garden, the shareholders at that time being—Paul Nitsche, of Dunckerstrasse, Rathenon, Germany; Emil Muth, also of Dunckerstrasse, Rathenon, Germany, and Ernst Nitsche, then domiciled at 9, Lovelace Road, Surbiton, in the County of Surrey. At the close of 1910, Mr. Ernst Nitsche seems to have disposed of his holding of 5,940 shares, and from that date to this the only Nitsche in the Nitsche and Gunther Optical Co., Ltd., has been the aforesaid Nitsche of the Dunckerstrasse, in Rathenon, in the land of the Huns. According to a return filed last December, the present Directors are Messrs. W. D. Englanton and N. H. Brandon, but when we come to the shareholders it seems that Herr Paul Nitsche, somewhere in Germany, retains his holding, as does his colleague and compatriot, Herr Emil Muth. All this, of course, has little or nothing to do with the facility of the Nitsche and Gunther Optical Company in correcting "marginal astigmatism" and similar defects of British vision, but it is no more than the obvious truth to say that had we not been a peculiarly short-sighted people, there would never have been scope for the genius of the Nitsche Company within the liberties of London Town.

A BASELESS SLANDER.

GROSS INJUSTICE AT SOUTHEND.

The Secretary of the Southend Trades Council is responsible for the statement that "the Prince of Wales' Fund is being administered in that district in quite the wrong spirit, and that most of the Service Relief Committee have little or no acquaintance with the experiences of working-class people." Not long ago we mentioned the case of a soldier's wife at Southend, who had been made the victim of a wholly unjustified charge of intemperance, supported, as far as we could learn, by a single individual—upon the strength of which her "rent" allowance of 6s. weekly had been withdrawn. It seems that, as an outcome of the publicity given to the matter, a Local Government Board Inspector made inquiries into the case, with the result that the allowance has at length been resumed—but in circumstances which leave the original injustice largely unredressed. The present position may be gathered from the terms of the following letter, addressed to the recipient by Mr. Arthur W. Hunt, the Hon. Sec. of the Service Relief Committee:—

> DEAR MADAM,—In reply to your application for further assistance from this Fund, I am directed to say that after receiving a report from Mrs. ——, your visiting member, my Committee have decided to grant a rent allowance of 4s. 6d. weekly as from the 19th inst., the payment being made on the distinct understanding that in the event of circumstances arising such as the Committee felt previously precluded them from renewing the grant, the allowance will be discontinued. A Postal Order for 4s. 6d. is accordingly enclosed herewith.

It will be seen that not only is the allowance reduced from 6s. to 4s. 6d., but the original charge of drunkenness—for it was nothing less—is treated as a proved offence, whereas, as we are fully satisfied, it was never more than a cruel and baseless suspicion. It is evident that for the future the methods of the Southend Service Relief Committee will demand close scrutiny. Its action is mean and discreditable, and is, we are afraid, typical of the "superior" and arbitrary attitude adopted by many other Committees administering moneys subscribed for the relief of our soldiers' and sailors' dependents.

Your Wife and Daughter will thank you for a copy of "Everywoman's."

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[*This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, Occasionally, Nonentities.*]

To the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P.

Dear Prime Minister,—I gather that you have been sworn a member of the Irish Privy Council, and I suppose that for the future we are to regard you as an expert on Irish affairs. Personally, I think little is to be gained by the revival, at this critical period of the war, of topics of acute Party controversy; and I venture to insist that in these days of stress and danger the first duty of the Irish Government is to maintain the King's authority supreme. In this task they will enjoy the support and goodwill of every loyal Irishman. When peace returns, reforms may be considered in the light of the war's experience, and with the deliberation necessary to sound decisions. What is your view?

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Reginald McKenna, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Dear Chancellor,—I am not much impressed with your pretexts—they are scarcely arguments—for the final rejection of the Premium Bond proposals, which would have furnished a most useful adjunct to your fiscal schemes. Your statement that "it was not wise of the State to encourage people to look for making a living without working for it," savours largely of cant, while by the admission that "chance entered into every condition of life, and that much of our business could not be carried on without gambling," you appear to have cut the ground from under your own feet. The fact is that, from a weak desire to conciliate the Nonconformist conscience, you have let slip an opportunity for good financial business for the State.

John Bull.

To Lord Provost Dunlop, Glasgow.

My Lord,—It does not appear to me that the Boys at the Front will be very grateful to you for the "interesting views" you have been "frankly expressing" to the Glasgow journalists. You tell them, in brief, that one conclusion to which you have been "forced" by your recent visit to the Front is that "the public's practical sympathy with the men in France and Flanders—comfort contributions in kind through private individuals or organisations—is now being considerably overdone; in fact, if soldiers are not being metaphorically killed by kindness, they are receiving more than is really good for them." According to your Lordship, they are getting too many luxuries altogether—too many cigarettes, too many socks, too many chocolates, too many everything. I do not know what warrant you have for saying these things; I certainly cannot imagine why, in the circumstances, you say them. "Home from Home": that is the sentiment and the spirit we all wish to foster in the British trenches, my Lord, and it will be a pity indeed if anything you have said stays the plenty of loving, generous hearts and hands which seek to strengthen and comfort those whose boundless sacrifice is worthy of every stimulus which we who stay at home can give to it.

John Bull.

To the Chairman of Magistrates, Feltham.

Sir,—I must say that was a very unsympathetic, harsh decision in the case of George Gilbert, of Hanworth. Here was a man, a butcher, engaged in Government work, with five lads in the Army and one killed. Because he employs as help in May his thirteen-year-old son, whom he will be entitled to employ in June, when the boy is 14, you lend yourself as a Magistrate to what on the face of it was a senseless, discreditable prosecution by the school authorities, convict him "for not sending the lad to school," and inflict a fine of 15s. What point or purpose is there in so outrageous an affront to patriotic fatherhood? Surely Gilbert was entitled to generous, even grateful, consideration at the hands of his country's Magistrates in such a petty case as this? What would be your feelings in his place if your sacrifices as a parent were equal to his? Your conduct towards him was shameful.

John Bull.

To H. J. Tennant, Esq., M.P., Under-Secretary, War Office.

Sir,—There is no reason or justification for your parliamentary heroics about the attacks on the Air Service. When you talk about constituting your Inquiry Committee of lawyers because an M.P. made charges of "murder" against the Government, you are fatuous, futile and feeble. You know as well as anybody that the real charge is that men have had to do work on aerial machines unfit for the purpose because they were the best machines available, and that the men have suffered accordingly. You got together a committee of lawyers to try the critics, whereas it should have been a committee of experts to try a few of the people who employ as their Parliamentary parrots accommodating politicians. It is not my business to father any specific accusations. Some of them, true yesterday, are no longer true to-day. What is certain is that the British nation is under no obligation to render thanks to the Government, past or present, for improvements effected in the offensive and defensive capacity of the air service. Its thanks are due to the public critics who, in season and out of season, have stuck needles into the Government until it woke up and then forced it to action. Send your lawyers of the Air Inquiry Committee back to their right jobs. Nobody will be impressed by anything they say or anything they do.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, First Lord of the Admiralty.

Dear First Lord,—I do wish you would make an early inquiry into the grievances of the Lowestoft minesweepers. What they complain about is that—though every man Jack of them is a volunteer, who has helped to keep the coasts clear from the early days of the war—they are treated shamefully in the matter of leave ashore. Paper is so terribly scarce in these days that I haven't enough to go into the whole matter. Take it that the men are at sea twelve days at a time, and sometimes five days in harbour. They say they are no use while the boat is coaling, provisioning, and getting ready for sea again, yet only half the crew are allowed ashore (if they have been very good boys) from 4 p.m. to 12 p.m. In other words, they get 16 hours ashore every 14 days; they think they ought to have more, and could have more, with proper arrangements, without interfering with their very essential services. I cannot express an opinion myself, but I have no doubt that if more extended leave can be granted you will see that it is given.

John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. J. A. Pease, M.P., Postmaster-General.

Dear Chief Postman,—The officials of your Department seem to consider it a privilege on the part of the public to do business with them. A firm, moving into fresh offices in the same neighbourhood, notified the Telephone branch, asking that the instrument left on the premises by the old tenants should remain, and that the number should be transferred. The Department thereupon cut the wires, took away the instrument, re-installed it or another one, and demanded an extra £4 for War Charge. Will you let me know what possible excuse there can be for such a state of things?

John Bull.

To Lieut.-Colonel F. C. Turner, J.P., Deputy Chairman, Kingston Bench.

Dear Deputy Chairman,—It seems that you recently had something to say in regard to alleged excessive drinking in the neighbourhood of Esher, your remarks being understood to apply to the troops in training at Sandown Park. However, you now explain that you "did not intend to reflect on the military, or to suggest that the drinking was being done by the soldiers exclusively." This is very nice of you, and I am sorry you should have been misunderstood. Perhaps for the future you could manage to be just a trifle more explicit.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Walter Runciman, M.P., President of the Board of Trade.

Dear Mr. Runciman,—Just a word. I notice that the Conference of Australian Chambers of Commerce has unanimously recommended the adoption of special means to prevent the "dumping" of enemy goods after the war. Of course, it's nothing to do with you, but knowing your profound interest in all that affects the welfare of British trade, I venture to pass it on.

John Bull.

Thousands are winning prizes in "Bullets." Why not you?

THE "FORTUNES" OF WAR.

PROFIT——AND LOSS.

THE NEW FASHION IN DRESS.

SMARTNESS WITH ECONOMY.

To wear expensive new clothes nowadays is to be out of fashion, besides bringing down upon the wearer the reproach of wasting money that is needed to help the war, and of employing labour and materials that might otherwise be released for military service.

The Spring and Summer this year will inaugurate a new era in fashion for ladies' and gentlemen's dress. Instead of buying new clothing, everyone—or nearly everyone—will discover that the costume or suit that has begun to look shabby is not by any means worn out or so far deteriorated as had been imagined, and that by sending it to Eastman's to be cleaned, dyed or repaired by their up-to-date perfect processes, it can, at small cost, be restored to a smartness of appearance almost equal to new.

Eastman's undertake the restoration of almost any article of ladies' and gentlemen's dress. Their prices are reasonable, their work good, and their service quick and efficient.

Ladies should also remember that Eastman's have unique facilities for the cleaning, dyeing and renovating of Household Fabrics, such as Curtains, Upholstered Furniture, Carpets, Table Covers, etc., etc., at very reasonable charges.

A booklet giving complete list of prices may be obtained free from Eastman's local branch in this district.

Orders should be forwarded without delay to any of Eastman's branches, which are situated in all parts of London and suburbs.

Eastman and Son (Dyers and Cleaners), Ltd., the London Dyers and Cleaners, Acton Vale, London, W.—Advt.

Such visions fair you only see
When smokin: pipes o' B.D.V.

B.D.V. LATAKIA MIXTURE

The new and distinctive Tobacco

6D. per oz. Ask for B.D.V. BLUE LABEL.

Green Label B.D.V Mild. Not a mixture, 6d. per oz.

GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD., LONDON

HOW TO CONDUCT YOUR CASE

BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL

1/1 post free — 1/1 post free

Hundreds of men who are appealing do not know how to conduct their case before the Tribunal: they do not know how to fill in the application form; what grounds constitute legitimate claim and the meaning and scope of "reserved trades." The above book gives you this and much more invaluable information on this vital question.

Post free 1/1 from the Publisher, 115, Fleet Street, London, E.C., or order a copy from your newsagent, 1/- net.

JOTTINGS FROM A PREMIER'S JOURNAL.

Monday.—A touch of that tired feeling. Told T——t last night his port did not come from a good shipper. Decided to stay in country another day in hopes of finding cure. Also to consider conflicting claims for Irish Secretaryship. Received quarter's salary partly in Treasury bonds. Truly does this bring home to one the horrors of war. Must buck up the market somehow, and get out. Query: how to do it? Can't announce any more brilliant victories in Mesopotamia, worse luck. . . . Good idea! Brilliant success in East Africa! That should do it.

Tuesday.—Unpleasant day in the House. W—n C——l returned from front, for one thing. Made deucedly sensible and moderate speech on Compulsion for Ireland. His last trip to trenches must have cleared his brain still further. Flattered R——d up to the eyes. Hear he's been granted indefinite leave, so has probably returned to make bid for Irish Secretaryship. Makes it rather awkward. . . . Trouble with P——n-B——g again. And Sir A——r M——m. Latter wanted to know why four out of the six members of Committee appointed to inquire into administration of Royal Flying Corps were lawyers. Had to reply that I understood lawyers were desirable. Good job no one got up to ask why. Then P.-B. wanted to know if it was not desirable to appoint some aeronautic experts on the Committee. Several fools in the House cheered. Mumbled reply about Sir Charles Parsons being unsurpassed in knowledge of such matters. Later, put my foot in it with O'B—n. Thought he was in favour of Compulsion for Ireland. Said so. Found out subsequently he wasn't. Made me just look an ass. House laughed. Altogether a rotten afternoon.

Wednesday.—More trouble over Ireland. More heckling from O'B—n. Always thought he was more or less a pal. Know different now. Can't depend on Irishmen. Had to agree to receive deputation of Dublin members on question of compensation for damage arising from rebellion. Confounded nuisance. Leaving the House, heard barrel organ playing idiotic song "A Little Bit of Heaven." Felt like killing the grinder. Still worried over question of Irish Secretaryship. Can't quite understand what W——n C——l is up to. Kept his mouth shut on Irish matters to-day. Very suspicious. One comfort—hear Bottomley has decided to give me one more chance.

Thursday.—Another infernally unpleasant day. Heard that I am being held to a certain extent personally responsible for Irish trouble. Had to listen to passionate, raving speech by D——n, which I couldn't answer as should like to have done. Sick of the House, and everybody in it. Decided to clear out for a while. Happy thought!—Go to Ireland! Will give good impression. Did so. Horrible crossing. Sick all the time. B——m C——r brutally unsympathetic. Don't quite know what to do now I *am* here. Must wait and see. Something sure to turn up.

FINDING *IS* KEEPING.

WHEN FOUND, MAKE NOTES WITH IT.

The pen is indeed mightier than the sword—at any rate, the implement of peace preserves its qualities unimpaired in circumstances which would cause the weapon of war to lose its virtues. As witness the incident related to us by Mr. Arthur B. Jones, of "The Shop," Llyswen, Breconshire. "One day in February, 1915," he tells us, "I accidentally lost my J.B. pen, and after the most careful search failed to find it. Naturally I thought we had parted for ever, but subsequently luck proved to be otherwise. To my surprise, in April, 1916, a relative of mine noticed what she thought to be a pencil, but which happily was my J.B. pen. I had a safety clip fitted, which was completely rust-eaten. The pen, though covered externally with soil, when cleaned was as new. I took it apart to see how the nib looked. This again was quite clean. I shook the pen and discovered it contained ink, and commenced to write—the flow being perfect. This pen has been in use ever since, and with it I take my weekly share in your 'Bullet' competitions. This pen had lain out for fourteen months in the wretched weather of last winter, with no other protection than each pen has when complete. I think this speaks volumes for it, and I can assure those who regulate quality by price that they are 'wide of the mark' if they think your pen should be judged by that standard. I have, in consequence, persuaded a number of friends to save their coupons and have a pen. Should anyone doubt the above statement, he is at liberty to see the pen—but not to keep it! I will also give the names of those who saw it picked up, and who knew I had lost it. I may add, in conclusion, that such a pen at the price is a real 'smack in the eye' for any German manufacturer. Push the sale for all you are worth; they do you credit, and the paper after which they are named." We bow!

"PRINTER'S PIE."

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"Willesden Chronicle" (advertisement):
"Large 1st and 2nd Floor Back, quiet house, 1 lady, newly decorated, minute Maida Vale."

"Irish Times" (advertisement):—
"Lady ——, having finished hatching, has for Sale 1 pen White Wyandottes . . ."

"Boston Guardian and Lincolnshire Independent" (advertisement):—
"All persons found grazing on my frontages in the Parish of Fishtoft will be prosecuted after this notice."

"Newcastle North Mail":—
"He raised his eyebrows, depressed his lips, and picking up a document with his untrousered hand began to speak."

"The People":—
"Det.-Sergt. —— stated he was a cripple. One of his arms was only 4 in. long, while the other one was 4 in. short."

£1 for 15/6

124 Cartridges cost 15/6

Lend your Money to the Country and help the Men at the Front.

DO you know that every 15/6 you put into a War Savings Account at the Post Office can purchase 124 rifle cartridges?

How many cartridges will you provide for our men at the front?

For every 15/6 you put into a War Savings Account now your will receive £1 in five years' time: that is 5 per cent. compound interest.

To get this high interest go to any Post Office (Money Order Office) and open a War Savings Certificate Book. Each 15/6 you put in will be shown separately. Each year your money grows as follows:—

In 1 year it becomes 15/9
In 2 years it becomes 16/9
In 3 years it becomes 17/9
In 4 years it becomes 18/9
In 5 years it becomes £1

This is the cover of the card on which you stick 6d. stamps. You can get it at any Post Office.

You can always get your money back in full, if you need it, even if you take it out the day after you put it in.

If you cannot put in 15/6 now, get a War Savings Stamp Card which has 31 spaces for six-penny stamps to help you to save 15/6 to open your Certificate Book with. You should always see that each of your children has a War Savings Stamp Card.

Every penny you put into a War Savings Account is helping to win the War and to save the lives of our sailors and soldiers.

Go to the Post Office to-day

and buy a War Savings Certificate or get a War Savings Card.

By Appointment to H.M. the King

NESTLÉ'S MILK

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The Proprietors beg to inform the public that owing to the scarcity of Paper and Dyes they find it impossible to adhere strictly to the customary shades of ink and paper for the labels on tins of NESTLÉ'S MILK. They may also be compelled to dispense temporarily with their well-known grey-coloured outer wrapper. The tins themselves may be different from their accustomed appearance, but

The Quality of Nestlé's Milk will be fully maintained.

The name of HENRI NESTLÉ and the registered 'NEST Brand' trade mark on every label are ample guarantee of this, any slight difference in the consistency of Nestlé's Milk being no evidence of variation in composition, but only of the date of production. Some labels are branded 'As prepared for H.M Forces,' and others 'By Appointment to H.M. The King,' which inscriptions merely advertise the facts that the firm is serving the Army and Navy and have been honoured by the Royal Warrant.

Still the Richest in Cream

Cash price 8½d. and 4½d. per tin.

NESTLÉ'S, 6-8, EASTCHEAP, E.C.

PERICLES

PRONOUNCED PERRY-CLEES

CYCLE TYRES

BEADED EDGE TYRES 5/6

are machine-made—so they fit exactly. Their low price is genuine for the same reason; — machine making means large output at reduced cost without affecting value.

Made by the Dunlop patented processes in all standard sizes.

WIRED-ON TYRES 5/3

2/9 INNER TUBES

DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD.

My Tired Feet Ached for "TIZ."

"How glorious, how grand TIZ makes tired, swollen, sore, perspiring feet feel."

"Just couldn't wait to take my hat off."

Just take your shoes off and then put those weary, shoe-crinkled, aching, burning, corn-pestered, bunion-tortured feet of yours in a TIZ bath. Your toes will wriggle with joy; they'll look up at you and almost talk and then they'll take another dive in that TIZ-bath.

When your feet feel like lumps of lead—all tired out—just try TIZ. It's grand—it's glorious. Your feet will dance with joy: also you will find all pain gone from corns, hard skin, bunions, and chilblains.

There's nothing like TIZ. It's the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up your feet and cause foot torture.

Get a 1/11 box of TIZ at any chemist's or stores—don't wait. Ah! how glad your feet get; how comfortable your shoes feel. You can wear shoes a size smaller if you desire.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MR. A. J. BALFOUR.

Good evenin', sir. 'Ope you're well, sir. . . . You've 'ad a pritty good spell o' good 'ealth since you took on the *Hadmiralty*, sir. It's the work wot's done it, I reckon. Nuthink like 'ard work fur keepin' you in the pink. . . . *Am I satisfied with yore hadministration of the Hadmiralty?* Well, sir, I don't know enuff about it to say one way or t'other. The country's kep' in the dark, you see; an' w'en we *are* told anythink, it don't seem ter be done to satisfy the British public, but to *hinform* the 'Uns or smooth down the Yankees. . . . The Navy's orl right, I don't doubt thet; but I do think you made a bloomer in writin' that there letter to the East Coast mayors an' allowin' it to be published in the noospapers. . . . *W'y?* Becos it give the game away to the 'Uns. If the Navy's grow'd so much the larst few months thet we can keep ships down south as well as north to *hintersep'* any raidin' party, wot the 'ell didjew wanter tell the Boches for? . . . Excuse the 'ot langwidge, sir, but I feels strong on this queschun. If we're ready for 'em, we *want* 'em to come out, don't we? Well, you've bin an' warned 'em orf now. Course, they *may* take wot chew sed fur bluff, an' come orl the same, an' let the Fleet put it acrorss 'em. But on the other 'and they may not. . . . Oh yes, I know the East Coast mayors was anxious, but the bizniss of the Navy is to bash the German fleet. You could 'ave sent yore letter to 'em private, an' told 'em to *hin*form their townspeople on the quiet that there wosn't much charnce of any more raids. . . . *Any more complaints?* Well, yes, I 'ave, sir. I don't much care fur orl these bloomin' *hinterviews* wot's bein' given to Yankee journalists. There wos thet one o' yores the other day, orl about the "freedom of the seas." It's a pritty fine thing if we've gotter explain ourselves to a nation wot's too proud to fight fur the prertection o' the lives of its own people. If the Yankees 'aven't got gump enuff to unnerstand wot *we* mean by the freedom of the seas, compared with wot the 'Uns mean by it, well—let 'em clean knives! It's 'umiliatin', ter my mind, fur a great nation like us to use the Yankee press in thet way. If the Yanks know anythink about 'ist'ry (an' they tries to make out as they knows pritty near everythink an' a bit over) they know well enuff we've spent blood an' treasure to keep the seas free fur orl nations fur 'undreds o' yers. 'Oo rounded up an' polished orf the pirates, f'rinstance? *We* did! 'Oo stopped the slave traffic between Africa an' Yankeeland? *We* did! . . . *You did it to counteract German lies in America?* Thet's orl very well, sir, but it *do* sound a bit weak, don't it? The Yankees know we 'avon't never sunk a nootral ship without examination an' savin' the crew. I don't know as we've sunk *any* nootrals, fur thet matter. 'Ave we? . . . *Mustn't say?* Orl right, sir. I won't press yer. . . . *There* you are, sir. . . . Much erbliged. Good evenin'.

CONCOCTED CONVERSATIONS.

CURZON AND TENNANT.

MR. TENNANT: Then I take it you will accept the position. I presume you have never taken any practical interest in aeronautics?

LORD CURZON: Never!—Beyond kite-flying.

MR. TENNANT: Excellent! Could not imagine a more suitable man for the job.

LORD CURZON: I suppose I shall have *some* sort of authority and responsibility?

MR. TENNANT: Undoubtedly. In the first place, you will be President of a *real* Board, not of a fictitious affair like the Board of Trade.

LORD CURZON: Certainly, that is something. So I shall really have actually living men to preside over, not ghosts and absentees?

MR. TENNANT: You will. There will be Lord Sydenham, for example.

LORD CURZON: H'm! Never heard of him. Anything to do with the Crystal Palace?

MR. TENNANT: Ha, ha! You will have your joke, my Lord. Then your Board will be represented in the House of Commons by the Member for Rugby, Mr. J. L. Baird, son of Sir Alexander.

LORD CURZON: Decent fellow, no doubt. But I want to know what will be the powers of my Board.

MR. TENNANT: *Powers?* Pow—ERS? No powers at all, of course! It will only be set up to placate public opinion and put a spoke in the wheel of Pemberton-Billing. It will *apparently* have powers, but not actually. You are an old and tried servant of the Empire, my Lord. We do not wish to place too heavy a responsibility on your shoulders.

LORD CURZON: Very considerate, I'm sure. But if my Board is to have no powers, what on earth shall we be expected to do?

MR. TENNANT: Well, you will be free to discuss matters of general policy in relation to the air, and make recommendations to the Admiralty or War Office thereon.

LORD CURZON: Free to *discuss*, eh? But not to enforce decisions. H'm! Well, any body of men is free to discuss and make recommendations to the Admiralty or War Office. A party of topers in a country pub can do that any night—and the Press, in effect, is doing it daily.

MR. TENNANT: But there will always be a chance of some recommendation of your Board being adopted, and then you will have the credit. And, if you are good, and do not bother the Admiralty and War Office too much, some day, when the war is over, and there is less necessity for it, we might transform your Board into a real Air Ministry, with yourself at its head! Think how nice that would be!

LORD CURZON: Suppose Pemberton-Billing asks in the House what are my qualifications for this job?

MR. TENNANT: Don't worry. We needn't answer him. We will count him out.

BOTH (*sardonically*): Ha, ha, ha!

THE WORK OF THE MODERN OPTICIAN.

An Interview with Mr. M. B. Bloom.

By an Observer.

HAVING read an article concerning Mr. M. B. Bloom, the Managing Director of Bloom's, Limited, the leading firm of opticians, of 259a, Tottenham Court Road, I bent my steps in that direction with a view to obtaining a chat with him on the subject.

"Can you give me any special points not already alluded to in the article which I have read?"

"Yes," he replied. "This firm specialises in Sir William Crookes' optical glass which shades the eyes from the dangerous Ultra Violet Rays and from 40 per cent. of the Heat Rays. It is of the utmost importance to those working on munitions in a strong light, and also to those suffering from weak and sensitive eyesight. This glass can be ground to any prescription to suit all sights. Of course, all this highly specialised work is done on the premises."

"I see that you have branches all over the U.K."

"Yes," he said, "in addition to my London branch at 229, Strand, I have opened permanent branches, fitted with the last word in Optical equipment, at 5, Ranelagh Street, Liverpool; 21, New Briggate, Leeds; 356, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow; 81, High Street, Paisley; 62, Long Row, Nottingham; 126, New Street, Birmingham; and only a few weeks ago at 8, Victoria Street, Manchester. These you may know are the finest and most prominent business thoroughfares in each city."

"To what do you ascribe the success of your first efforts?"

"Apart from the simple fact of relying upon the wide knowledge that can only come from experience, and my determination never to be an atom behind the very latest developments, I owe my success to a scheme of standardised prices. I knew that optical prices were invariably of the 'fancy' order, and that the public were being charged up to the hilt. In a way it was necessary, because optical businesses were generally small, so that a small turnover had to bear the entire cost. I placed my knowledge and skill at the service of the public without charge of any kind. If I found that glasses were necessary there was, as I have said, only a small standardised price. I never suggest glasses unless they are absolutely required, and always refer clients to an ophthalmic surgeon if that is necessary. Then, again, if glasses require rectification, this is done without further charge, and a guarantee is given to every client to that effect. I have since had many hundreds of testimonials from delighted clients."

Those within reach of either of his Provincial branches will do well to make a call there, or at the chief testing rooms, 259a, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.C., as the same advantages are to be had at each branch, and only the most skilful optical experts it is possible to secure are retained by Bloom's, Ltd., to carry on the well-known Bloom Tradition in Mr. Bloom's own particular way.

Send for Bloom's Illustrated Catalogue.—ADVT.

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When a suit comes back from our treatment it is spotlessly clean, smartly pressed, the cloth has all its first freshness, and is soft and springy as new.

WE CAN TURN A SUIT IF WORN OUT

bringing the unworn side outwards. Estimates free! we collect 10 miles from Charing Cross, and pay postage back beyond.

JOHN BULL *guarantees satisfaction or no charge.*

Send p.c. for "Valetry"—a paper for smartly-dressed folk.

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LOOSE COVER MODEL

Specially designed for Bedrooms and the Drawing Room. Dainty in appearance, yet strongly constructed upon a sound Birchwood frame. The sides and back are gently curved, giving extreme comfort, and the seat is sprung with best steel coppered springs. **Upholstered in Casement Cloth and fitted with a charming Loose Cover in Cretonne of your own selection.**

This Loose Cover easily slips on or off the chair for washing and the chair can still be used without the cover. As a supreme guarantee every Berkeley

IS SOLD ON THE MONEY-BACK PRINCIPLE.

On receipt of 5/6 with order we send the Chair, complete with Loose Cover, without further payment, carriage paid in England and Wales, and if you are not completely satisfied you may return it AT OUR EXPENSE, and we will refund your money in full.

35/- **COMPLETE WITH LOOSE COVER, 3 6 with order and balance 5/- monthly.**

FREE Send a postcard to-day for patterns of our beautiful range of Cretonnes and full particulars.

H. J. SEARLE & SON, Ltd.,
Specialists in Easy Chairs.

Dept. N, 70-78, Old Kent Rd., London.
Or call at 133 VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W., where a splendid display of Berkeley upholstery is on view

Good Morning!

Of course every morning is a good morning once you have acquired the "Kkovah" habit. Just a teaspoonful in water when you get up and you have a big bright day in front of you, no matter what the weather. But let there be no mistake. There are many so-called health salts; the one you need is

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It's not only better—it's cheaper.

Of all grocers, etc., in 6d. and 1s. tins.

SEND FOR A LARGE TIN.
If unable to obtain, a large tin may be had post free for 1/- P.O. or stamps. Mention Grocer and Postage will be refunded.

SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM. Ltd.,
Cornbrook. Manchester.

Memo:—Don't forget to put a tin in the next parcel you send to your boy at the front. It'll keep him fit.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

A hardy soldier, full of youthful health was in the trenches fighting the Huns. A heavy shell landed near him. A splinter tore out both his eyes and blew a comrade to pieces. The man is now in England, still cheery; but the want of his support has plunged his parents and family into distress. His case was put before us and we naturally did our best for him and them.

We repeat that if there was no delay on the part of the regimental and hospital officers in reporting to the paymasters concerned, our discharged men would get their money immediately, and be saved a tremendous lot of suffering—in addition to which the strain on our fund would be relieved. Further, if discharge papers were not withheld for weeks after the soldiers are discharged, the poor chaps would be enabled to get employment. The Army is full of official slackers who do not care a tinker's epithet about what occurs to our discharged fighters—and nobody of high position seems to take notice of complaints, although we have laid case after case before them. If the officers concerned were employed by civilian firms and neglected their duties in this way, they would be given the order of the boot; but the discharged Tommy is only a back number. It may be that one day some voting machine in the House of Commons may break away from Party tradition and earn a laurel by bringing the facts before Parliament.

The well-fed Lords and other Commissioners of Chelsea who fix pensions are the slowest official gang that we know of, although they are run close by other little coteries which are "conducting" the war. When a man is disabled and discharged from the Army, the allowances to his family are at once cut off, and he is returned home, often penniless, to spend weeks of starvation pending the grant of the pension—often only 4s. 8d. a week—which is to keep the man, his wife, and little children until he obtains work, if indeed he can ever work again. If the pressure is too much for the present Board of Commissioners, why not adopt our recent suggestion and have half-a-dozen or more boards to deal with the cases? The unfortunate victims are often kept by us until the well-paid Board wakes up and moves.

We have during the week relieved a number of helpless mothers whose sons joined the Army on the promise of the recruiters that when they became soldiers their parents would be granted a large sum of money weekly—an old recruiting dodge. Some of the women get the mere 3s. 6d. a week allotted by their boys, others receive a few shillings more, according to the amount given to them by their sons when in civilian life. In the majority of cases, the lot of the unfortunate mother is starvation and a struggle to keep out of the workhouse.

Again, during the last few days, we have sent relief to families in the grip of disease, or in which death has occurred. Unlike the Prince of Wales' Fund, the allowance granted by us has not to be repaid. It is a free gift.

The wife of a sailor had the misfortune to lose her eldest boy on April 23rd. Three days afterwards her baby died, and now her son of four years is sinking fast. Yet her husband cannot get leave! We helped.

A woman lost her husband in France, and her only child lay dead. Her separation allowance was stopped, pending a pension, and she was consequently in deep distress, but found a friend in us.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Won't You Help?

J. M. L., £1; "An Appreciative Reader," 1s.; "Constant Reader of John Bull," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. C., 6d.; A. H. B., 1s.; "Marlboro' Lines," 2s. 6d.; "Unmarried Wife," 1s.; J. H. B., 1s.; G. W. W., 1s.; R. E. O., 3s.; M. S., 4s.; E. G. B., 1s. 4d.; C. G. L., 1s.; Anon., 1s. 1d.; A. E. M., 2s.; "Billy and Cobweb," 2s. 6d.; H. T., 2s. 6d.; "Anonymous," 2s.; "Part Proceeds of 'Fancy Dress' Football Match, played 'Somewhere in Gibraltar'" (per F. W.), £4; "Sergeants' Mess, 2nd-Kent Cyclist Battalion" (per J. W.), £1 1s.; A. McC., 1s.; R. Y., 5s.; K. P., 1s.; R. O'D. W., 1s.; "Admirer," 2s. 6d.; P. P., 2s. 6d.; H. W., 1s.; W. R. M., 2s.; "A Pensioner," 1s.; Mrs. M. M., 1s.; S. M., 1s.; D. B., 1s.; "Weekly Collection, C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal)," 6s. 9d.; J. B., 1s.; "Roodepoort," 1s.; A. W. W. (Walthamstow), 5s.; W. R., 4s. 3d.; "A 12th Gloucester in the Trenches," 5 francs; "Southwark," £1; "A Reader," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. F. M. B., 1s.; C. B., 4s.; L. J. E., 1s.; A. E. N., 1s.; N. H., 2s. 6d.; Lieut. W. A. M., 1s.; V. A., 2s.; J. P., 1s.; "Smiler's Bullet," 2s. 6d.; Pte. Y., 1s.; "Shirley," 4s.; L. C., 1s.; F. V. St. C., 10s.; M. D., 2s. 6d.; A. N., 3s. 10d.; "Soldier's Mother," 1s.; "Thumbs Up," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. G. I., parcel; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; B. W., 1s. 6d.; G. W., 1s.; E. P. J., 1s.; "Transposition," 1s.; J. F. B., 1s.; "The Girls' Dept., Amalgamated Press, Gravesend," 14s.; Anon., 6d.; J. C., 1s.; Pte. G. H., 4s. 6d.; F. J. E., 6d.; E. R. H., 6d.; "Stapleton Road," 1s.; A. D., 6d.; "Mother of Two Soldiers," 6d.; Mrs. W. G., 1s. 6d.; "Deadluck," 1s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; Collected by Mr. William Dickie, Lago Argentino, Ter. Santa Cruz, Argentine Republic, £20 18s. (F. W. F., $5; S. S., $5; J. McK., $5; D. S., $5; J. T. M. D., $10; T. McD., $5; A. H., $5; D. H. C., $10; R. J., $10; J. F. McK., $5; R. H. O., $5; A. K. S., $5; C. A., $5; A. S., $10; W. K., $5; W. C., $5; R. M., $10; J. A., $10; J. S., $10; Dr. E., $10; T. F., $5; H. J., $10; W. A. B., $10; J. H., $10; J. McC., $5; S. J., $10; Dr. K. F. B., $10; J. T., $5; F. G., $10; C. P., $10; T. J., $10; R. F., $5); J. M., 1s.; M. G. and L. S. (Rhodesia), 5s. 6d.

Mr. R. Dyball the winner of the first prize in our 187th "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £10.

COLLECTING BOXES.

By the kindness of many of our readers we are enabled to add to our fund by means of collecting boxes, which they are good enough to place on their premises.

Cardiff.—Mr. W. N. Wood, Mercantile Stores, Clarence Road, 5s. 3d.

Hastings.—Mr. H. G. Parks, 107, Bohemia Road. St. Leonards, 3s. 4d.

Aberdeen.—Mr. Warren, University Bar, Torry, 2s. 8d.

Bristol.—Mr. G. E. Skinner, "Prince of Wales," Montpelier, 3s.

London.—Mrs. Lyon, "King's Arms," 40, Old Kent Road, 3s. 2d.; Mr. F. Huggins, "Brunswick Arms," Stamford Street, 3s.; Mr. A. Standbrook, "Old Clay Hall," Old Ford Road, 3s. 3d.; Mr. E. Pulman, 8, Burdett Road, Bow, 3s.; Mr. A. Johnson, "Distillers' Arms," Hancock Road, Bromley, 2s. 9½d.; Mr. M. A. Gittos, "Rose of Denmark," 322, Roman Road, 11s. 1d.

When Tommy's home on furlough and roaming fancy free,
Sing ho! for book and leafy nook under the greenwood tree;
On harmless mirth and pleasure bent,
With Chairman Juniors he's content,
And many happy hours are spent
In Cheerful Company.

If you have Chairman Juniors you have really good cigarettes. They are made of pure Virginia tobacco so blended that they smoke cool to the tongue and have a flavour that pleases nine men in every ten. Quality has not been sacrificed to size—they are just the necessary amount smaller than the original Chairman cigarettes to permit them to be sold everywhere at

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In Chairman Juniors all the value is in the cigarettes, as there are no coupons or pictures with them ... And they are made and guaranteed in every particular by

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Between your smokes just try a piece of WRIGLEY'S CHEWING GUM. It cleans your palate, soothes your tongue, prevents throat parch, and adds 50 per cent. to the enjoyment of good tobacco. All smokers ought to get acquainted with WRIGLEY'S CHEWING GUM.

It has become the National sweetmeat, Soldiers, Sailors, War Workers (men and women) all finding it no only delicious, but wholesome and refreshing, too, and it lasts a long time.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
CHEWING GUM.

Flavoured with the juice of fresh gathered mint leaves.

½d. bar—5 bars 2½d.—40 bars 1/6

Millions of bars sold daily. Of all Confectioners, Tobacconists, Chemists, and all branches Boots Cash Chemists, or direct from—

WRIGLEY'S LTD. LAMBETH PALACE ROAD.

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SEIGEL'S SYRUP

Contains medicinal extracts of roots, barks and leaves, which have a remarkably beneficial effect upon the organs of digestion, toning up the stomach and stimulating the action of the liver and bowels.

THE IDEAL DIGESTIVE TONIC

If your digestive organs are in a sound and healthy condition, if they are extracting nourishment from the food you eat, there ought to be no sign of pain or discomfort. But thousands are afraid to eat because of the pains that follow even their lightest meal. Possibly the stomach is out of order, the liver a little sluggish, or the bowels constipated. Get them into a state of healthy activity by taking Mother Seigel's Syrup, the world-famous digestive tonic, and you will be able to eat without any painful after-effects. Your food will be well digested. You won't know it is being digested, and that, after all, is the best test of good digestion—not to know about it. Thirty drops of Mother Seigel's Syrup, taken after meals, have helped tens of thousands to enjoy their food, and enabled them to avoid the pains and miseries of indigestion. Think of their experience, and profit by it.

BANISHES

INDIGESTION

The 2/9 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/8 size.

SELFRIDGES

Economy and Cycles.

THE money you spend yearly on fares may well be put to better use. Why not buy a Selfridge Cycle on the Deferred Payment System? The cycle is yours for less than your annual fare, and you pay while you ride.

MODEL "A." Palmer Buccaneer tyres, rubber lever brakes, roller chain, best free wheel. Frames 26, 24 and 22in. Ladies fitted with leatherette gear case. Complete with pump, bag and tools. Men's, cash price, £4 14s. 6d. Or 12 monthly payments of 7s. 11d. Women's, £4 19s. 6d. or 12 monthly payments of 8s. 4d.

MODEL "C." 3-speed. Dunlop tyres, Bowden roller lever brakes, complete metal gear case, hammock saddle, B.S.A. 3-speed gear, electrically plated rims with coloured centres, Perry chain, best rubber pedals. Complete with pump, tool bag and spanners. Frames 26, 24 and 22in. Men's or women's cash price £8 8s., or 12 monthly payments of 14s.

If you cannot call, please write for list of all models.

SELFRIDGE & CO., Ltd., Oxford Street, W.

Saddle-ease is oftentimes the one thing needed to make your pleasure perfect—You can ensure it if you choose a

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THE PLAGUE OF TRENCH LICE

Exterminated by wearing

SOMERVILLE'S

Asiatic Body Cord.

It is just worn round the waist, and the remarkable qualities of this cord make it absolutely impossible for vermin to exist on the body or even lodge in the clothing.

One customer writes: "Miss F—— encloses 10s. 6d. for one dozen Somerville's Asiatic Body Cords, which the soldiers find the most effective cure they have tried."

Price 1s. each, postage Inland or to the Front 2d. *Special Terms for large quantities. Ask for and be sure you get "Somerville's" from chemists or*

GEO. SOMERVILLE,
2, South Clerk Street, EDINBURGH.

DON'T THINK THIS CARD IS TO TAKE THE PLACE OF THE LETTER I KNOW I'D DUE—IT'S JUST TO SHOW I'VE NOT FORGOTTEN—AND SOON WILL WRITE TO YOU

SEND HIM THE MEANS TO MAKE YOU HAPPY.

OF all Tommy's troubles the difficulty of keeping in touch with his relatives and friends is the one that causes him the most anxiety. You can help him in this difficulty if you enclose with each parcel you send him a few

Davis 1d. "Message" Postcards.

There's a Card to suit every occasion, whether he be grave or gay, and the simplicity of the wordings and the artistic harmony of the designs will bring "HIM" a refreshing reminder of the "home" conditions he has left behind. Ask your stationer to show you a full range of these cards. Nos. 508 544. 570 are particularly suitable for sending to the Soldier Boys. Look for this Trade Mark—

A. M. DAVIS & CO.
QUALITY CARDS
11 & 12, FINSBURY SQUARE, LONDON E.C.

TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

FOR THE ARMY COUNCIL.

There is a General Officer commanding the district in which Catterick Camp, in Yorkshire, is situated. We should much like to know from him who gave an order that picquets—consisting of about fifty men of one corps, with two officers—should be detailed to patrol and do gamekeepers' duty over the preserves of Sir Hy. Lawson, residing at Brough Hall. If Sir Henry wishes to have his birds and eggs preserved, he should hire the civil police or pay for gamekeepers; it is distinctly against King's Regulations that soldiers should be employed in such work. The soldiers at the camp are invalids and wounded men sent home for discharge—and many of them, being physically unable to perform the duty mentioned, fall like skittles. We recommend this matter to Mr. Tennant and the members of the War Council.

WHERE WE ARE BARRED.

JOHN BULL is barred from the Royal Fusiliers' Camp at Falmouth, but the fact has not caused our Publisher to become white-haired. We would ask the Commanding Officer of the unit in question to forget his feelings regarding this journal, and to see that his men are treated as human beings. We can assure him that if he does not take the tip he will hear some straight talk.

MORE PARSIMONY.

We have a wail from Dundee, which tells us that men who have been discharged as medically unfit are told to send home for their own civilian garments, and are packed off with a few shillings in their pockets, minus the cash in lieu of clothing provided by Regulations. The boys are also victims of the old, old juggling with pay and allowances.

TERRITORIALS' TONSORIAL TROUBLES.

In the wards of the Military Hospital at Tidworth the other day we saw the following notice:—"D.C.O. 574, Patients in Hospital. Soldiers of the Territorial Force must themselves pay for hair-cutting. By Order." All other classes have their hair trimmed free. Why this distinction?

"J.B." IN "NO MAN'S LAND."

The other night a Sergeant of the R.W.F. was wandering round with his patrol between our trenches and those of the enemy, looking for stray Huns. Our men drew blank, so far as the Germans were concerned, their only booty being a copy of JOHN BULL, tied to a stick half way between the lines of trenches. We wonder how it got there!

THE STATESMEN'S LICENCE.

A member of the Expeditionary Force in France writes to us in the following terms:—"I would like to ask you what good does it do Mr. Tennant to tell the House that the regiments who came out here with the 1914 Expeditionary Force have all been relieved from the fighting line, when I can tell him that the whole 7th Brigade, 3rd Division, have been in the fighting line all the time up to now? Have not the public been gulled enough, without such tarradiddles being dished out to them?"

POLLING THE GRAVEYARDS.

The fine tooth-comb is being vigorously used, but we wonder why forms containing details of awful pains and penalties are still being sent out addressed to men who have been lying in the churchyards for months, and whose deaths were duly notified to the Army officials. We had heard of the graveyards being polled at Irish Parliamentary Elections, but the ghosts were called upon only as mere voters. Do our out-of-gear authorities mean to tell us that they want the wraiths of our departed heroes to arise from the grave to attack the Huns?

BRAVO, ENGLAND!

In order to obtain separation allowance for his wife and children a man must have been actually living with his spouse at the time of enlistment. The casual labourer who had been finding work in distant parts and sending home a regular weekly allowance is thus—most unjustly—deprived of the privilege. This is an iniquity unworthy of the nation; the only apparent explanation of it is that our soldiers are in the hands of official hair-splitters and "bilks"—much to the disgrace of the greatest Empire in the world. Again, a poor fellow with a couple of limbs off gets a miserable pittance by way of pension. Even if he marries, no further financial assistance is given to him. These are a couple of the scandals which we consider disgrace the country.

"THE NEARER THE CHURCH."

A Colonel writes to us asking why it is that the men who are farthest away from the fighting line, and will never get there, are better paid than those who are risking their lives. We cannot answer him; it is a matter which has puzzled us for a long time.

WHO ARE THE BACKSLIDERS?

We are glad to know that the day after our paragraph appeared complaining about hard tack and bully being served out at Shorcham, the men were given Christian diet; but we regret to note that the improvement did not last long, and that dog biscuits soon again became the order of the day in the dietary.

WAITING FOR THEIR MONEY.

We have written about the many householders—sometimes in very needy circumstances—who are whistling for the billeting money due to them by the Army. Now we find that some doctors in the neighbourhood of St. Albans are twiddling their thumbs pending the arrival of the sums owing to them for the examination of recruits. Unfortunately, neither billeting lady nor medical man can utilise the County Court for the collection of their just claims.

YOU AND ME.

A Sergeant in Essex robbed a fellow non-com. of a £1 Treasury Note, and owned up to it like a man when confronted. When the case came before the Colonel he was let off. A Private in the same company wrote to the Divisional Paymaster for some money due to him, and for this "crime" was awarded fourteen days' confinement to barracks. Isn't it queer?

THE LEAVE TRAIN.

The other day about three hundred officers, who had been home on a week's leave, joined the 7 a.m. train at Victoria to return to the front. On arrival at Folkestone they discovered that the boat was not to depart until 9 p.m. If we had business men in the transport department, an official at Folkestone would have telephoned intelligence of this alteration to Victoria. Can it be that there is somebody down there unfit to hold his post?

MISSING MEN.

We would welcome news of the following men:—

Sergt. J. Harvey, 10434, 4th Royal Fusiliers; Pte. F. Tamsitt, 2853, 8th Batt., R.W. Kents; Pte. A. Lumpter, 2189, 1/5 Lancs. Fusrs.; Pte. H. Kirlow, 11920, C Co., 12th West Yorks; Driver A. Allcock, 89578, 4b, Reserve Brigade, R.F.A.; Pte. H. P. Selby, 19946, D Co., 7th Border Regt.; Sergt. Geo. H. Chimes, 15th Batt., A.E.F.; Pte. C. J. Tracy, 121814, A.T., A.S.C. Hdqtrs. 56th Division; Corpl. G. Tuffel. 5769, 5th Lancers; Pte. J. Prior, 14333 (Pioneer), 6th West Yorks; Pte. T. Joyce, 11535, X Co., 4th Royal Fusrs.; Pte. W. Gould Mayne, 3471, B Co., Hood Batt., R.N.D.; Pte. W. R. Willis, 17741, D Co., 2/13 Nerthd. Fusrs.; Pte. W. G. Dance, 10289, 1st Suffolks.

A

Money-Earning Book for You

SPECIAL WAR-TIME OFFER TO THE READERS OF "JOHN BULL."

Every man and woman must now be prepared to undertake greater responsibilities.

We have published a series of beautifully illustrated books giving particulars of the opportunities that now await ambitious men and women in a number of profitable occupations.

If you are anxious to get a better position and increase your earnings we will send you one of these books free, if you will cut out and forward the coupon below at once.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, 214, KINGSWAY, W.C.

Please send me, without obligation on my part, your illustrated book, describing the opportunities for gaining increased earnings in the occupation which I have marked X.

—Munition Work.	—Careers for Men.
—Business Training.	—Draughtsmanship.
—Book-Keeping.	—Architecture and Building.
—Shorthand.	—Civil Service Positions
—Typewriting.	—Marine Engineering.
—Salesmanship.	—Steam Engineering
—Shopkeeping.	—Woodworking.
—Advertising.	—Illustrating and Designing.
—Motor Engineering.	—Electric Lighting and Traction.
—Industrial Chemistry.	—Careers for Women
—Coal & Metal Mining.	
—Mechanical Engineering.	
—Electrical Engineering.	

NOTE.—If the subject desired is not in the above list write it here

.....

Name.....

Address.....

.....

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

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A. R. (Fulham).—We, too, have an idea that Britain is destined to rule the world. But before that can come about, Britain herself must be properly ruled.

W. N. (Lee, S.E.).—Presumably the notorious wooden dummy gun was the product of the combined brains of the Cabinet.

A. H. H.—As you claim to have only "an ordinary amount of brain power," we are afraid you would not do for one of our Business Candidates. We require in them an extra-ordinary amount.

N. C. M. (Salisbury) wants us to run a soldiers' canteen on JOHN BULL lines. The Y.M.C.A. would be shocked, and the Uncontrolled Board would not let us.

J. L. (Kettering).—Many readers have suggested that the rank and file of the Sinn Feiners ought to be sent into the trenches. We would not trust them there.

G. T. (Royal Naval Brigade) has calculated the letters and figures in "The Mystery of 666," and says the result is 671. It seems more mysterious than ever now.

PTE. O. (Cromarty).—Pure toadyism when a halfpenny journal says people will be relieved to hear of the reprieve of Countess Markievicz because she is related, "more or less," to some earls and dukes. Some readers may like that kind of gush, but we doubt it.

CORPORAL, R.E.—We also believe in love and justice. If everybody believed as we do and you do, there would be no wars. At present we must convert the Germhuns, or go under. If we were all "Conscientious Objectors," which fate would be ours?

M. L. O. (Derrymore), among other things, says he would be glad to see us Prime Minister. Duly noted.

C. F. S. (Coventry).—A fat bullock at Derby market was bought for £60 by the butcher who supplies Donington Hall. We will hope the beef of old England was for other customers, and not for the Germhuns.

"BAGMAN" (Bristol) says "Commercials won't forget Business Government next election." Good business.

"BRUM." (Birmingham).—"If we cannot govern Ireland, hand it over to France." Do you want to stir up another row 'twixt Carson and Redmond?

"OLD ADMIRER" (no address).—Thanks for admiring us, but allegations of that kind against "lots of soldiers' wives" need the support of your name and address.

T. C. (Bishop Auckland).—With 800 "Sons of Temperance" from the Bishop Auckland district alone, you may well be proud. May they pop off all the Germhuns they meet.

MRS. D. S. (Mass., U.S.A.).—With all our heart we echo your excellent sentiment, "The Lord forbid we may ever come under Germhun rule."

B. E. (White City).—If it is the fault of the Admiralty that the men in the shipyards do not work two-thirds of their working time, the Admiralty should be damned.

R. P. S. (Ilkeston).—Vicar Buchanan made a good speech, but there is one thing in it which most men hope will not come true after the war—that "the whole social life will be changed; a woman will not be a woman but another man."

"ALLIES FOR EVER" (Bradford).—Bradford is full of Germans; perhaps that is why a couple of Bauers advertise themselves as teachers of the unspeakable lingo.

"NOTTINGHAM."—Heanor Council refused permission for a flag day for the Wounded Horses' Fund, saying taxation should do the needful for the horses. The asses!

PTE. C. B. W. (Ealing) AND OTHERS.—Glad to know Specials of some of the divisions were invited to attend the service, and not "ordered" to. That was correct form.

D. E. W. (Middleton).—If the Deputy Town Clerk was ruled out for the position of Town Clerk because he is fighting in the trenches like a good man, it was a scandalous shame.

J. T. (Kirkby Laythorpe).—We certainly do think it would savour of cant to ask the blessing of God on our pleasures, amusements, and recreations. Imagine Tommy praying God to bless his "gasper" as he lights up!

J. M. (Ashton-under-Lyne).—If we had a dozen sons prisoners in Germany, we would still strenuously advocate starving Germany out. Have we no German prisoners in our hands?

"PEGGY" (Bradford) says there is a dearth of laundresses in her town, and suggests training conscientious objectors to the work "for the purpose of giving us a clean 'shift.'" But *would* her 'shift' be clean after passing through a C.O's hands?

"A PENNYWISE PARSON" (Redhill).—Undoubtedly, the insistence on lighter beers would have been far better than the compulsory closing of public-houses so many hours a day—for clean, light beer is a far better thirst-quencher than any of the sickly, sticky, saccharine teetotal "beverages" at present on sale.

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"A GALLOVIDIAN" (Dumfries).—A pole-axe rather than a poll tax on all Germhuns (naturalised or otherwise) in the United Kingdom is the desideratum.

J. B. (Ashington).—You say you have failed to obtain Government employment "as a female." You had better try as a male, if you can pass muster in—er—we-never-mention-'ems.

D. E. (Pontyclun) asks us to restore the Devil to the heading of our first page, as it is an insult to his Satanic Majesty to put the Kaiser in his place. But we don't mind insulting either devil.

"A SOLDIER'S WIFE" (Ashton-in-Makerfield).—We do not think a soldier's wife with four children should spend as much as a pound a week on meat. But, then, we are not a soldier's wife.

"FRIENDLY CRITIC" (Co. Durham).—Your doubtless well-meant attempt to induce us to embrace the Roman Catholic faith has been read with attention. By the way, you are quite wrong in claiming Christianity (all types) to be the greatest religion in the world, in point of numbers.

C. C. (Liverpool).—"Thousands of officials are engaged in the useless task of censoring U.S. mails"—useless, we suppose, because travellers can convey news verbally, or post letters abroad? But a censorship does stop some things—and discovers others.

"NORFOLK LABOURER."—Who can deny that there are jobs to be done on every farm which no woman with any sense of decency would care to undertake? Such as—well, *you* know.

MRS. A. J. (Bradford).—You speak like a Roman matron when you "would rather be a hero's widow than a shirker's wife with all life's pleasures at your feet."

"REMEMBER ME" writes; "I no you ever sense you was a Pupp." Bow-wow!

H. H. (Worthing).—We cannot agree with you that "there are just as many cowards and shirkers among the married as among the single, if not more." The fact of their having got married proves their pluck.

"DRAUGHTSMAN" (Woolwich). — Unless your son is doing indispensable work no discharged soldier or man above military age could do equally well, it is his patriotic duty to fight.

"CONSTANT READER" (Leytonstone), a widower of 30, with two children, asks us to inform him how he can obtain a wife. By putting on khaki.

"A BLUE JACKET."—It cannot be denied that some of the jokes served up in Miss Agnes Weston's *Ashore and Afloat* are insulting to the intelligence of our Jack Tars.

C. P. (Southampton).—You ask: "*Is* there any connection between the Congo atrocities and Belgium's present trouble?" suggesting that Belgium is undergoing deserved punishment. We reply by asking you what had Northern France, Serbia and Montenegro to do with the Congo atrocities? Yet each of those has suffered, and is suffering, as severely as Belgium.

"WEEKLY READER" (Hampstead).—Advertisements for apartments in your local paper corroborate the notion that Hampstead and Golder's Green are first-rate hiding-places for young couples, both out during the day, when recruiters might call.

"BEE" (London).—We rather like the inscription on the hospital collecting-boxes you mention: "Give what you can *uncomfortably* spare." There is small credit and less self-sacrifice in giving what one can comfortably spare.

G. C. (Plymouth).—We can make neither head, tail, brisket nor rump of your bi-coloured communication concerning some alleged conspiracy in the early '80's.

"A READER" (Lichfield).—All we know of the language of postage stamps is that when affixed cornerwise the meaning is a kiss. When stuck upside down it may suggest an even deeper expression of affection. On the other hand, it may not.

MRS. B. (Plumstead, S.E.).—Charged 9d. to admit your six-weeks' old baby to a Woolwich theatre! We call that a crying shame.

"Some" Pen, the "John Bull" Pen.

A. H. (Cheltenham).—"Drivers" is not a rhyme to "forty fivers," or "contrive" or "survive" to "forty-five." "Porty fivers" or "rorty five" would be.

T. A. (Bathgate) asks us to tell him the name of "a reliable mushroom spawn maker." He will be asking us for the name of a reliable orange pip maker next.

G. W. (Kidderminster).—As a locomotive fireman on the G.W. Railway, we assume you are doing valuable "war work" now, and that you will not have to "go" unless you are fetched.

"THUMBS UP" (Shirley) sent the popular "Fums up" postcard to a young lady, who was furious, said it was indecent, and will not speak to him. This is what comes of trying to amuse young ladies with pictures of babies in birthday suits.

J. N. (Belfast).—No doubt you are correct in saying "A large percentage of the Dublin P.O. staff are Sinn Feiners."

W. McR. (Abbeyhill).—At your request we won't publish your name, for fear you would lose your pension; we also don't publish your poetry, for fear we should lose our character.

E. C. (Liverpool).—The hotel that offered 8s. a week—hours 7 a.m. till 8 p.m., Sundays included—to an experienced sewing-maid, was scarcely high-class, but only sew-sew.

"JAMES" (Southampton).—You can send as many coupons as you like for any "Bullets" competition. If you sent six efforts for the same competition, all up to prize-winning standard, they would all secure prizes.

W. H. R.—"The Protestant Reformers' Church, Liverpool, can now boast of over 650 of their members serving with the Colours." It is a record to be proud of.

"SAL JONES" (Hatfield).—It was Lloyd George, in a preface to his collected speeches, who used words to the effect that Russia was a spent force.

MR. G. M. WIESINGER (late of "Abercorn Arms" Hotel, Stanmore) takes exception to our approval of the action of the local Licensing Sessions in refusing the renewal of the licence on the ground that he is of German origin. He tells us that he left Germany when sixteen, having done no military duty, and thus lost German citizenship. After being, amongst other things, Chief Superintendent for Messrs. Joseph Lyons for nearly eighteen years, in 1909 he became naturalised. Ten years earlier he had married an English lady by whom he has seven children, all of course of British nationality. In the circumstances he considers that his treatment has been harsh, but in these times, unfortunately, the innocent often have to suffer for the guilty.

"AN UNMARRIED WIFE" (Wanstead).—If your "husband" has declared himself to be a married man there will be trouble over your allowance. The authorities will ask to see your marriage certificate.

J. H. B. (Northants).—As you were discharged on account of physical unfitness, you will not be called upon to serve again.

S. B. (Bury St. Edmunds).—To billet soldiers on even naturalised Germans is utterly disgraceful.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

RACING NOTES.

BY "THE SQUIRE."

So Clarissimus is not quite the horse that the 2,000 Guineas running seemed to show, and he was cleverly beaten by Figaro in the Newmarket Stakes. It was a near thing, and I do not think either of them will win the New Derby, for which race I should advise readers to get on KWANG SU as soon as the market really opens.

For the week-end at Gatwick, SYMMETRICAL for the Two-Year-Old Selling Plate; LUX, for the Alexandra Handicap; and MILLBRIC* for the Worth Plate are the best things on Friday. On the second day I like REGAL for the Prince's Handicap; FARIVALE* for the Mart Plate, and GILBERT THE FILBERT for the Marlborough Plate.

My "SPECIAL" will this week be published on Thursday, and will deal exhaustively with the Gatwick programme. In future, in order to meet trade requirements, I shall publish every Tuesday morning. Orders to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. Subscribers will receive their copies first post on Tuesday morning.

The two "Mutual" wires sent last week were RUSSLEY, a winner at 100 to 30, and a loser. Orders or inquiries for wires should be addressed to me, c.o. JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for May 20th, 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 078,312 and A198,146. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following sent in a correct claim:—

W. H. HALLAM, 35, Birchfield Street, Wolverhampton. April 22nd. 496,583.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of May 20th:—

003,691	287,549	560,784	839,887	A148,509
058,764	296,232	583,936	865,631	A181,124
110,547	325,869	615,207	903,105	A225,457
137,245	366,931	658,003	946,281	A237,982
159,006	390,415	694,956	972,854	A260,037
178,611	438,783	731,829	996,969	A292,538
194,611	474,842	754,287	A018,360	A335,342
206,869	489,067	783,694	A055,454	A368,637
258,397	527,621	799,073	A099,328	A384,826
262,533	543,957	824,045	A100,772	A400,791

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published May 31st).

TO CURE SERIOUS LIVER, KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISORDERS.

TRAINED NURSE SAYS HOSPITALS USE ORDINARY *SALTRATED* WATER.

This is the time of year when hospitals experience a rush of dangerous functional disorder cases. During the cold winter months a diet of heavy heat-producing foods has been necessary, and when spring arrives the system is loaded with accumulated carbonaceous waste which clogs the eliminative organs, so there is constant absorption of toxins into the blood. Then follow kidney and bladder troubles, rheumatism, neuralgic headache, backache, influenza, biliousness, jaundiced liver, or even appendicitis, dropsy and Bright's disease. Toxins excite the heart, poison the nerves, deprive the body of vitality, and you have no energy to do anything, or say you have weak nerves due to over-work, etc. The real trouble is auto-intoxication, or self-poisoning. People with strong, healthy digestive and eliminative organs, and therefore pure rich blood, do not have such symptoms. Try drinking occasionally a teaspoonful of common *alkia saltrates* in a half tumbler of water and notice how quickly your mind clears, your eyes brighten, and your whole body becomes absolutely fit, as the system's great filters and blood refiners (the liver and kidneys) begin to work properly again. Readers should tear this out so as not to forget the name of this remarkable substance which any good chemist can supply at small cost.—H. L. K.

NOTE.—There has as yet been no rise in the price of this compound, but as in the case of all drugs during the war, a sharp advance is to be expected at any time.

The Saltrates Company (Dept. 60), 214, Great Portland Street, London, W., prepare a very high grade of Alkia Saltrates, that during the next ten days they are willing, as an advertising offer, to supply anyone interested in the product, with a regular 1s. 6d. *size packet if applicant cares to send* 6d. *for the postage, packing, etc.*

Use Kalsel for Rheumatism.—[ADVT.]

THE BEST SUMMER DRINK

ALLSOPP'S LAGER

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

France.

Many thanks for the promptitude with which you have delivered this splendid pen. How on earth you can sell them for so little beats me. *Staff-Sergt. W. L. F.*

Sunderland.

I have just received a letter from my nephew in France telling me he has received his "John Bull" Fountain Pen from you, and he is delighted with it. I feel I can well recommend your most honest and genuine offer. *L. G.*

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. May 27, 1916.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

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H. H. (Worthing).—We cannot agree with you that "there are just as many cowards and shirkers among the married as among the single, if not more." The fact of their having got married proves their pluck.

"DRAUGHTSMAN" (Woolwich). — Unless your son is doing indispensable work no discharged soldier or man above military age could do equally well, it is his patriotic duty to fight.

"CONSTANT READER" (Leytonstone), a widower of 30, with two children, asks us to inform him how he can obtain a wife. By putting on khaki.

"A BLUE JACKET."—It cannot be denied that some of the jokes served up in Miss Agnes Weston's *Ashore and Afloat* are insulting to the intelligence of our Jack Tars.

C. P. (Southampton).—You ask: "*Is* there any connection between the Congo atrocities and Belgium's present trouble?" suggesting that Belgium is undergoing deserved punishment. We reply by asking you what had Northern France, Serbia and Montenegro to do with the Congo atrocities? Yet each of those has suffered, and is suffering, as severely as Belgium.

"WEEKLY READER" (Hampstead).—Advertisements for apartments in your local paper corroborate the notion that Hampstead and Golder's Green are first-rate hiding-places for young couples, both out during the day, when recruiters might call.

"BEE" (London).—We rather like the inscription on the hospital collecting-boxes you mention: "Give what you can *uncomfortably* spare." There is small credit and less self-sacrifice in giving what one can comfortably spare.

G. C. (Plymouth).—We can make neither head, tail, brisket nor rump of your bi-coloured communication concerning some alleged conspiracy in the early '80's.

"A READER" (Lichfield).—All we know of the language of postage stamps is that when affixed cornerwise the meaning is a kiss. When stuck upside down it may suggest an even deeper expression of affection. On the other hand, it may not.

MRS. B. (Plumstead, S.E.).—Charged 9d. to admit your six-weeks' old baby to a Woolwich theatre! We call that a crying shame.

"Some" Pen, the "John Bull" Pen.

A. H. (Cheltenham).—"Drivers" is not a rhyme to "forty fivers," or "contrive" or "survive" to "forty-five." "Porty fivers" or "rorty five" would be.

T. A. (Bathgate) asks us to tell him the name of "a reliable mushroom spawn maker." He will be asking us for the name of a reliable orange pip maker next.

G. W. (Kidderminster).—As a locomotive fireman on the G.W. Railway, we assume you are doing valuable "war work" now, and that you will not have to "go" unless you are fetched.

"THUMBS UP" (Shirley) sent the popular "Fums up" postcard to a young lady, who was furious, said it was indecent, and will not speak to him. This is what comes of trying to amuse young ladies with pictures of babies in birthday suits.

J. N. (Belfast).—No doubt you are correct in saying "A large percentage of the Dublin P.O. staff are Sinn Feiners."

W. McR. (Abbeyhill).—At your request we won't publish your name, for fear you would lose your pension; we also don't publish your poetry, for fear we should lose our character.

E. C. (Liverpool).—The hotel that offered 8s. a week—hours 7 a.m. till 8 p.m., Sundays included—to an experienced sewing-maid, was scarcely high-class, but only sew-sew.

"JAMES" (Southampton).—You can send as many coupons as you like for any "Bullets" competition. If you sent six efforts for the same competition, all up to prize-winning standard, they would all secure prizes.

W. H. R.—"The Protestant Reformers' Church, Liverpool, can now boast of over 650 of their members serving with the Colours." It is a record to be proud of.

"SAL JONES" (Hatfield).—It was Lloyd George, in a preface to his collected speeches, who used words to the effect that Russia was a spent force.

MR. G. M. WIESINGER (late of "Abercorn Arms" Hotel, Stanmore) takes exception to our approval of the action of the local Licensing Sessions in refusing the renewal of the licence on the ground that he is of German origin. He tells us that he left Germany when sixteen, having done no military duty, and thus lost German citizenship. After being, amongst other things, Chief Superintendent for Messrs. Joseph Lyons for nearly eighteen years, in 1909 he became naturalised. Ten years earlier he had married an English lady by whom he has seven children, all of course of British nationality. In the circumstances he considers that his treatment has been harsh, but in these times, unfortunately, the innocent often have to suffer for the guilty.

"AN UNMARRIED WIFE" (Wanstead).—If your "husband" has declared himself to be a married man there will be trouble over your allowance. The authorities will ask to see your marriage certificate.

J. H. B. (Northants).—As you were discharged on account of physical unfitness, you will not be called upon to serve again.

S. B. (Bury St. Edmunds).—To billet soldiers on even naturalised Germans is utterly disgraceful.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

RACING NOTES.

By "THE SQUIRE."

So Clarissimus is not quite the horse that the 2,000 Guineas running seemed to show, and he was cleverly beaten by Figaro in the Newmarket Stakes. It was a near thing, and I do not think either of them will win the New Derby, for which race I should advise readers to get on KWANG SU as soon as the market really opens.

For the week-end at Gatwick, SYMMETRICAL for the Two-Year-Old Selling Plate; LUX, for the Alexandra Handicap; and MILLBRIC* for the Worth Plate are the best things on Friday. On the second day I like REGAL for the Prince's Handicap; FARIVALE* for the Mart Plate, and GILBERT THE FILBERT for the Marlborough Plate.

My "SPECIAL" will this week be published on Thursday, and will deal exhaustively with the Gatwick programme. In future, in order to meet trade requirements, I shall publish every Tuesday morning. Orders to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. Subscribers will receive their copies first post on Tuesday morning.

The two "Mutual" wires sent last week were RUSSLEY, a winner at 100 to 30, and a loser. Orders or inquiries for wires should be addressed to me, c.o. JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for May 20th, 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 078,312 and A198,146. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following sent in a correct claim:—

W. H. HALLAM, 35, Birchfield Street, Wolverhampton. April 22nd. 496,583.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of May 20th:—

003,691	287,549	560,784	839,887	A148,509
058,764	296,232	583,936	865,631	A181,124
110,547	325,869	615,207	903,105	A225,457
137,245	366,931	658,003	946,281	A237,982
159,006	390,415	694,956	972,854	A260,037
178,611	438,783	731,829	996,969	A292,538
194,611	474,842	754,287	A018,360	A335,342
206,869	489,067	783,694	A055,454	A368,637
258,397	527,621	799,073	A099,328	A384,826
262,533	543,957	824,045	A100,772	A400,791

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published May 31st).

TO CURE SERIOUS LIVER, KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISORDERS.

TRAINED NURSE SAYS HOSPITALS USE ORDINARY *SALTRATED* WATER.

This is the time of year when hospitals experience a rush of dangerous functional disorder cases. During the cold winter months a diet of heavy heat-producing foods has been necessary, and when spring arrives the system is loaded with accumulated carbonaceous waste which clogs the eliminative organs, so there is constant absorption of toxins into the blood. Then follow kidney and bladder troubles, rheumatism, neuralgic headache, backache, influenza, biliousness, jaundiced liver, or even appendicitis, dropsy and Bright's disease. Toxins excite the heart, poison the nerves, deprive the body of vitality, and you have no energy to do anything, or say you have weak nerves due to over-work, etc. The real trouble is auto-intoxication, or self-poisoning. People with strong, healthy digestive and eliminative organs, and therefore pure rich blood, do not have such symptoms. Try drinking occasionally a teaspoonful of common *alkia saltrates* in a half tumbler of water and notice how quickly your mind clears, your eyes brighten, and your whole body becomes absolutely fit, as the system's great filters and blood refiners (the liver and kidneys) begin to work properly again. Readers should tear this out so as not to forget the name of this remarkable substance which any good chemist can supply at small cost.—H. L. K.

NOTE.—There has as yet been no rise in the price of this compound, but as in the case of all drugs during the war, a sharp advance is to be expected at any time.

The Saltrates Company (Dept. 60), 214, Great Portland Street, London, W., prepare a very high grade of Alkia Saltrates, that during the next ten days they are willing, as an advertising offer, to supply anyone interested in the product, with a regular 1s. 6d. size packet if applicant cares to send 6d. for the postage, packing, etc.

Use Kalsel for Rheumatism.—[ADVT.]

THE BEST SUMMER DRINK

ALLSOPP'S LAGER

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

France.

Many thanks for the promptitude with which you have delivered this splendid pen. How on earth you can sell them for so little beats me. *Staff-Sergt. W. L. F.*

Sunderland.

I have just received a letter from my nephew in France telling me he has received his "John Bull" Fountain Pen from you, and he is delighted with it. I feel I can well recommend your most honest and genuine offer. *L. G.*

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. May 27, 1916.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

5,000 "BULLETS" PRIZES WEEKLY!

2ND PRIZE £50

FIRST PRIZE £250

3RD PRIZE £25

5 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £1	25 PRIZES OF 10/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	2,000 SPECIAL TARGET PRIZES.	2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

No. Closing Date, Thursday, June 1st.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(191) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 191, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, June 1st.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(191) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If two Coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition, **No. 192. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, JUNE 8th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **192** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" No. **192**, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 192.

GERMANY'S SHORTAGE	FIT TO SERVE	REGIMENTAL BARBER	A FAT LOT
A BAD SITUATION	MEATLESS DAYS	LOOKING AFTER TOMMY	LEFT OFF
DONE BROWN	UNMASKED	LATE LODGER	PLAYING HER PART
STRIKING A BARGAIN	SECOND IN COMMAND	NEVER TROUBLES FATHER	EXTRAVAGANT DRESS
LIQUOR CONTROL	NO LIGHT MATTER	COMBED OUT	FULL SPEED AHEAD

BULLETS RULES

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 191.

THE IRISH QUESTION
HOUR OF NEED
FLYING CHARGES
GERMANY'S FOOD SUPPLY
WON'T DO
ANOTHER FLAG DAY
RUNNING AWAY
EXPECTING THE PUSH
SEVERE PUNISHMENT
APPEALS FOR EXEMPTION
MR. HUGHES
HOME SERVICE
CHARING
WIFE'S COOKING
TOMMY'S MOTHER
PICTURE PLAYERS
HIS MASTER'S VOICE
BASHFUL WOOER
WE DON'T LIKE
RISKY PROCEEDING
LEARNING TO RIDE
ONCE AND FOR ALL
FEELING SICK
WHEN FATHER LEAVES
TINNED MEAT
HER FIRST PROPOSAL
HIS WORSHIP
IMPOSSIBLE
BAD BUSINESS
WHAT GERMANY SEEKS

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will help you:—

Example:—
IMPOSSIBLE.

Bullet:—
To SUCCEED WITHOUT WORKING.

Example:—
RISKY PROCEEDING.

Bullet:—
To INSULT PUGILIST.

Example:—
WE DON'T LIKE.

Bullet:—
MISLEADING NEWS.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated June 17th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in "Everywoman's" dated May 27th.

RESULT OF 188TH BULLETS COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE of £250 :—

Mr. A. McINTOSH,
Jordanvale House,
Whiteinch, Glasgow.
Example :—GOVERNMENT WORKS.
Bullet :—NOT "TURNING OUT" ENOUGH.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50 :—

Mr. E. C. ANDERSON,
Sunnyside, Dunleer, Co. Louth, Ireland.
Example :—MOST PAINFUL WHEN.
Bullet :—PARSON'S CONGREGATION "DROPS OFF."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25 :—

Mr. W. CHARLES,
86, Chandos Rd., E. Finchley, London, N.
Example :—NEIGHBOUR'S SINGING.
Bullet :—WE SUPPLY THE "WORDS."

FIVE PRIZES OF £5 EACH :—

Mr. G. H. HAZELGROVE, 14, Alverstone Avenue, Wimbledon Park, S.W.:
WHAT THE KAISER KNOWS—WE'RE "ABOUT" TO PROVE.
Mr. EDWIN TILL, Acomb, York:
NEW SUBALTERN—TOMMY'S SUPERIOR "IN THEORY."
Mr. JAMES WHITE, 4, Vermont Street, Hull:
MY LANDLADY—KNOWS ALL "CABINET" SECRETS.
Mr. B. CURRIGAN, 34, Hart Street, Liverpool:
AT MIDNIGHT—ANOTHER FIVE MILLIONS GONE.
Mr. W. COUCHMAN, 58, Chippenham Road, Paddington, London, W.:
NEIGHBOUR'S SINGING—I'D PREFER HIS "CROAKING."

TEN PRIZES OF £1 EACH :—

Miss MINNIE HORNE, Fort Garry, Cregagh, Belfast:
A PRETTY PLOT—PA'S OUT—PASS IN.
Mr. T. BRANTON, Kaolin Holme, Park Rd., Spalding:
SIMPLE LIFE—"TRIAL" SUFFICIENT PUNISHMENT.
Mr. G. HARRIS, 30, Arundel Street, Walton, Liverpool:
SIMPLE LIFE—MICAWBER'S WOULDN'T BE NOW.
Mr. S. GREEN, 12, Albert Street, Mansfield:
WE ALL EXPECT—WAR "ALL OVER" SOON.
Mr. H. NIGHTINGALE, 40, Cliff View, Cornholme, Todmorden:
MY LANDLADY—LIVES ON HER LOSSES.
Mr. F. E. EWER, 73, Franciscan Rd., Tooting, London, S.W.:
GOVERNMENT WORKS—SO DOES A PHONOGRAPH.
Mr. H. W. BARTLETT, 67, College Road, Norwich:
AT MIDNIGHT—HER MOUTH "STILL" OPEN.
Mr. D. R. JONES, 21, John Street, Resolven, near Neath:
POOR FATHER—TILL MOTHER SEARCHES HIM.
Mr. W. E. DAVIS, Shrubbery Cottages, Whittington, Worcester:
NOT IN AGREEMENT—AUNTIE'S FACE AND PHOTOGRAPH.
Mr. H. WADSWORTH, 87, Baxandall Street, Bradford:
TAX ON MATCHES—KEEPING CHEAP CIGAR ALIGHT.

☛ YOU MAY USE THESE EXTRA COUPONS.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, June 1st

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(191) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed.....

Address.....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets No. 191," "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, June 1st.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(191) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed.....

Address.....

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our insurance is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (*a*) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

May 27, 1916. .....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day (*Strike out one of these.*) May 27, 1916.

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with .....

Newsagent of.....

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death :—

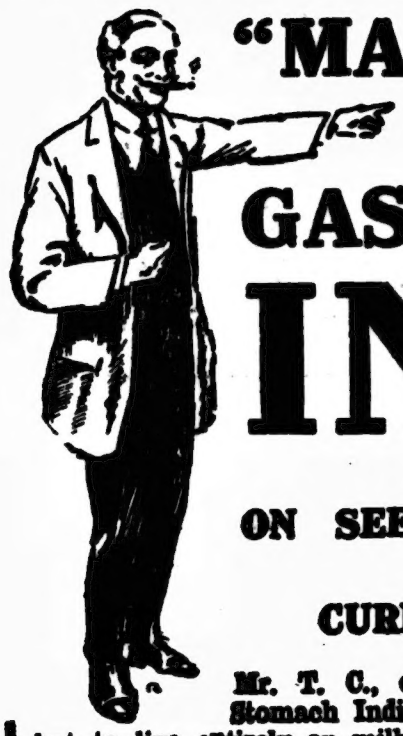
Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

.....



"MANY MARTYRS LIKE MYSELF

SUFFERING FROM

GASTRIC CATARRH OR STOMACH

INDIGESTION

ON SEEING HOW CICFA

CURED ME, WOULD BE GLAD TO ACCEPT YOUR OFFER."

Mr. T. C., of Tooting, has just written:—"I recently suffered very much from Gastric Catarrh or Stomach Indigestion. I was finally given medicine and advised not to eat meat, potatoes or vegetables, but to live entirely on milk puddings and such-like.

"I did this for some time, and I must say I was eased, but that was all—I was not cured.

"On reading your advertisement I felt I must try Cicfa. After taking your free sample and a tube (large size) I am completely cured of my ailment, for which I am most thankful, and I would recommend Cicfa to all sufferers of chronic Indigestion pains.

"You are at liberty to use this for publication, because there are MANY MARTYRS LIKE MYSELF, who, on learning how Cicfa cured me, would be glad to accept your splendid Cicfa offer."

More than sympathy is offered to the millions of martyrs to Indigestion by Mr. T. C., of Tooting. He has suffered tortures from Indigestion. He tried all kinds of medicines with dieting and advice. He was not cured. He was merely eased.

He read a Cicfa advertisement and realised it was not an ordinary advertisement. It contained information which he considered valuable, instead of bald statements. He saw that scientific **REASONS** were given as to why Cicfa cured Indigestion, and that Indigestion may be in the Stomach or Bowel, or both.

No other advertisement had ever contained this information. He concluded that as the information about Indigestion was so superior to all others, it was probable that the remedy offered was equally superior.

As he had tried nearly everything else, he knew that unless it was unlike all the other remedies, it could not cure him.

He sent for a sample; the sample so convinced him that he purchased a tube (large size), and by the time he had finished that he was cured.

This will appear remarkable to thousands, and **it is remarkable but it is true.** Cicfa is unlike any other remedy because it is the *only* remedy which contains what Nature requires to cause the Stomach to do its own digesting; also to cause the Bowel to do its own digesting, and to perfect the Bile Circulation and remove all Liver obstructions. That is why Cicfa is the only cure for Indigestion in both Stomach and Bowel.

Mr. T. C. is anxious that all sufferers should know these facts. Read what he says above.

EVERY DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU

that when you take Soda, Magnesia, or Alkaline Drugs, or preparations which neutralise the Acid in your Stomach, you stop Digestion, because the Gastric Juice which nature secretes into the Stomach to digest the food is very acid, and if you neutralise that Acid you destroy the Digestive Ferments and so stop Digestion of the food and thus cause Indigestion These are scientific facts of the most serious importance to every sufferer from Indigestion.

Cicfa has been taken up by over 10,000 British doctors, many of whom have written us of the splendid results secured upon themselves and their patients by Cicfa.

IN WAR TIME your mind affects your Digestion more than you realise. You know how worry often affects the Stomach, indeed, the whole alimentary tract. Nausea and even vomiting often result from anxiety. If you are worried at present (who is not worried?) your digestion is weakened, while, on the other hand, your ability to resist worry is lessened through weak digestion. Keep your digestion perfect, not by taking Purgatives, which upset it, not by Dieting, with consequent Starvation, which increases the Indigestion, but by eating liberally and regularly and taking Cicfa to perfect digestion, because Cicfa alone contains those natural Digestive Ferments which, when present in sufficient quantity, and in absolute purity, make Indigestion impossible and make Digestion perfect and certain.

Prices 1s. 3d. and 3s. GET CICFA NOW, OR TEST IT.

ABSOLUTELY FREE

Send your name and Address and **one penny stamp for postage,** with this coupon, and receive a liberal sample of this wonderful CICFA. Only one sample to each family. No person given a second sample.

CICFA

The CICFA Coy., 8a, Duke St., Manchester Sq., London.

JOHN BULL, 27/5/16

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